

578. d. 1. Gal & F. Fd

THE
BEAUTIES OF STOW
OR A
DESCRIPTION

OF THE
Most Noble House, Gardens &
Magnificent Buildings therin.

OF THE
Right Hon^{ble}: Earl Temple,
Viscount & Baron Cobham

With above Thirty Plates of each Particular
Building, Two VIEWS of the House, and a
Curious General Plan of the Whole Gardens

By Geo: Bickham Engraver.

— K —

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the New Inn going into y^r Gardens.
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Price 1 Guinea Plain & 2 Guineas Coloured.

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A

DESCRIPTION

Of the most Noble

HOUSE and GARDENS,

WITH THE

TEMPLES,

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Earl *Temple*, Visc. and Baron *Cobham*,

AT

STOW, in *Buckinghamshire*.

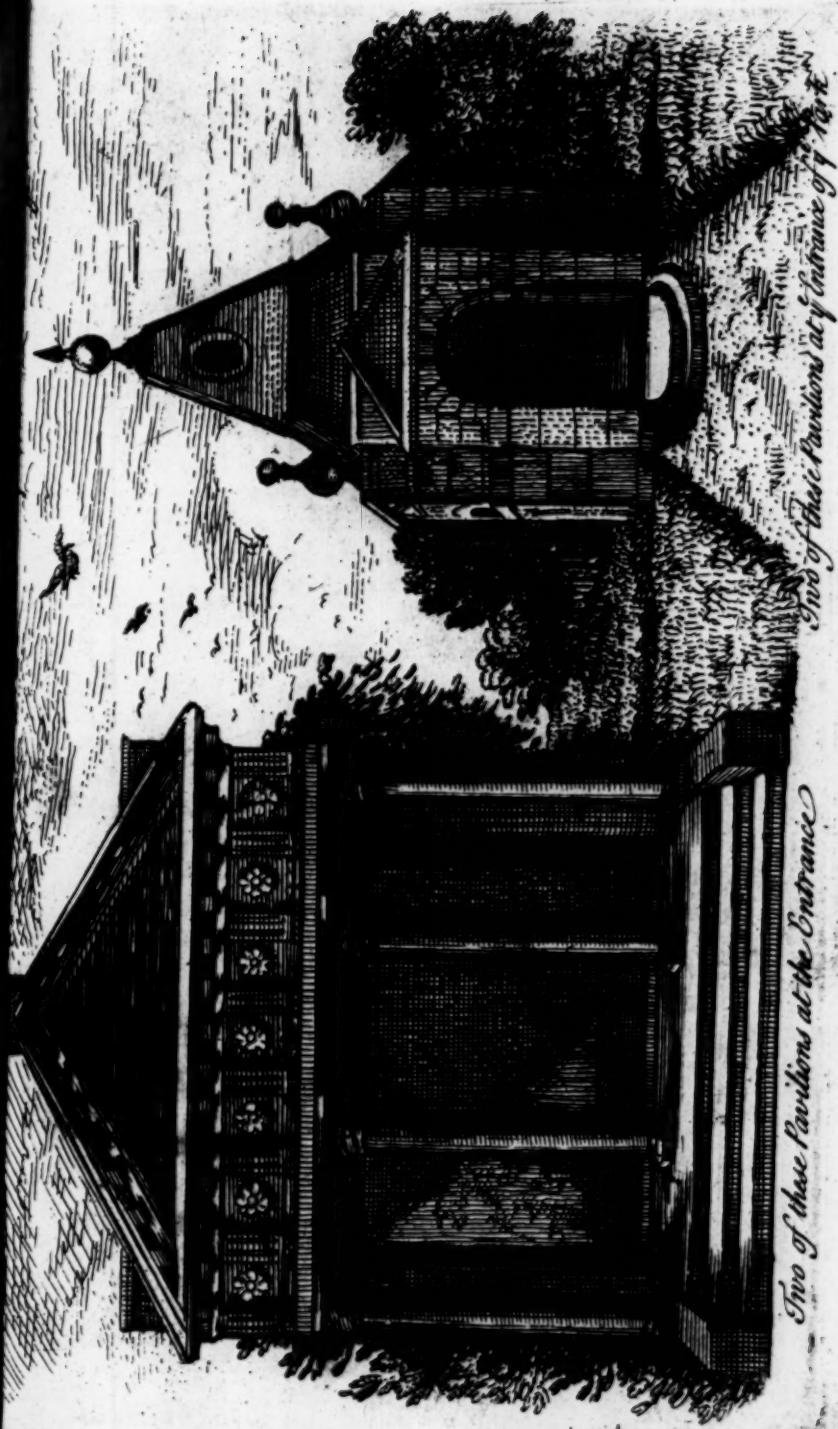
ROM BUCKINGHAM Town you pass
through a little Village called CHATMORE,
and from thence to the NEW-INN at the
South Entrance of the Garden called STOW,
This is a Prospect, that agreeably surprises
you; for, upon quitting an unpleasant Road, you per-
ceive all at once a long Avenue; at the End of which
rises a fine View of my Lord's House, through a double-
Row of Arbail-Trees. This charming Garden you
enter by a Slope that leads to a superb Teras, which is
carried cross-ways the whole Weadth of the Ground,
that lays parallel before you.

B

Two

*A DESCRIPTION of**Two Grand PAVILIONS.*

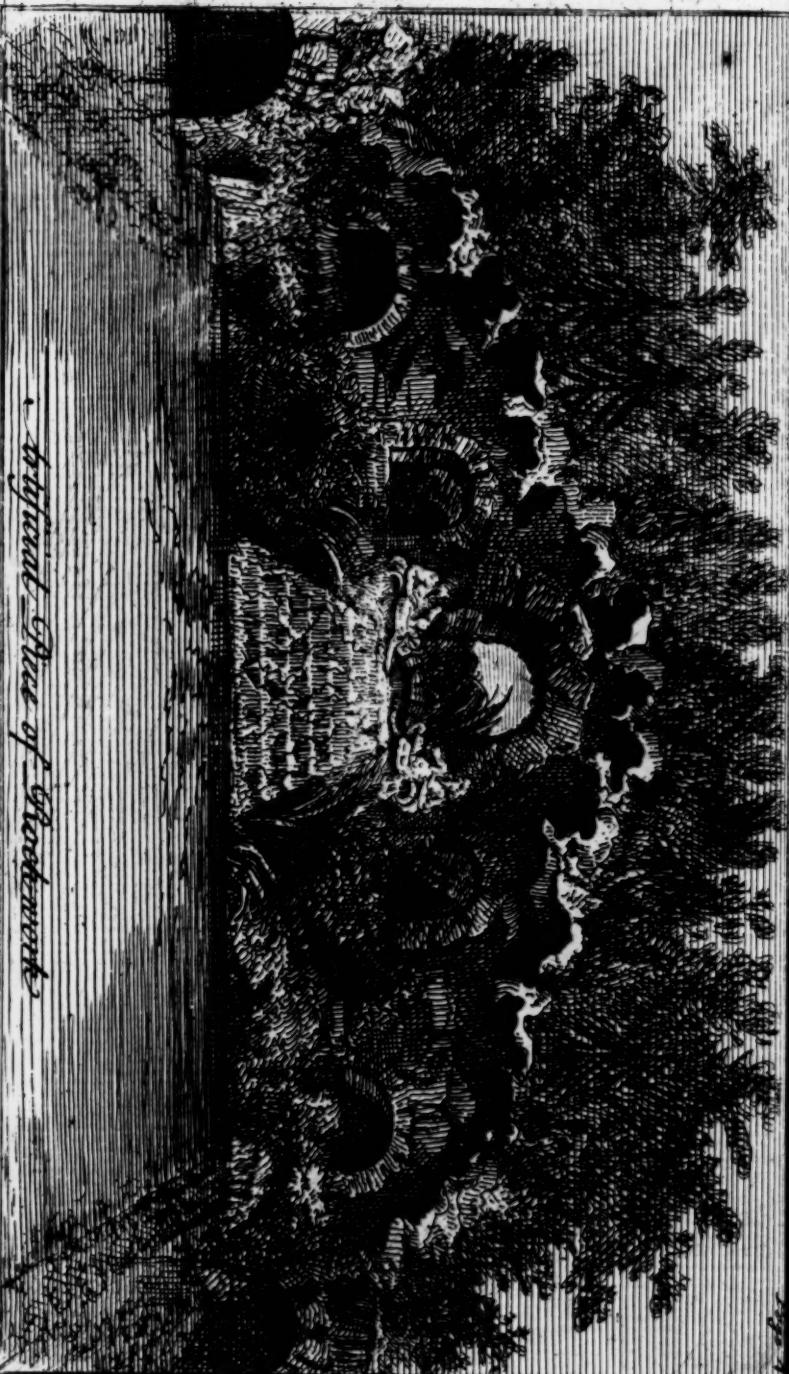
ON each Side of the Slopes, there is an elegant Pavilion, built in an excellent Taste of the Dorick Order, and painted in Fresco; on one of which are represented the Adventures of DORINDA and SYLVIO; on the other, that of MYRTILLO and AMARYLLIS, taken from Pastor Fido.—The disconsolate Nymph there, poor DORINDA, had long been in Love with SYLVIO, a wild Hunter, of barbarous Manners; in whose Breast she had no Reason to believe she had raised an answering Passion: As she was roving in the Woods, she accidentally met his Dog; and saw her beloved Hunter himself at a Distance hollowing, and running after it: She immediately calls the Dog to her, and hides it amongst the Bushes. SYLVIO comes up to her, and inquires very eagerly after the Dog; the poor Nymph puts him off, and tries all her Art to inspire him with Love, but to no Purpose; the cold Youth was quite insensible; and his Thoughts could admit no other Object but his Dog. Almost despairing, she at length hopes to bribe his Affections, and lets him know she has his Dog; which she will return, if he will promise to love her, and give her a Kiss. SYLVIO is overjoyed at the Proposal, and promises to give her Ten thousand Kisses: DORINDA, upon this, brings the Dog: But, alas!—see there the Success of all her Pains! The Youth, transported at the Sight of his Dog, throws his Arms round its Neck, and lavishes upon it those Kisses and Endearments in the very Sight of the poor afflicted Lady which she had been flattering herself would have fallen to her Share.—In the other Pavilion, on this other Wall, is painted, Disdain and Love have taken different Sides: The Youth is warm, and the Nymph is coy: Poor MYRTILLO had long loved AMARYLLIS; the Lady was engaged to another, and rejected his Passion. Gladly would he only have spoken his Grief; but the cruel Fair-one absolutely forbade him her Presence. At length a Scheme was by CORISCA, the young Lover's Confident, which was to gain him Admission into his dear AMARYLLIS's Company. The Lady is enticed into the Fields, with some of CORISCA's Companions (who were let into the Plot), to play at Blind-man's



*Two of these Pavilions at the Entrance
of their Pavilions at Chancery of Nanke.*







Artificial Plant of Stromatolite

Bathurst Acc. Nov 17 1750

man's Buff; where MYRTILLO was to surprise her. See there he stands hesitating what Use to make of so favourable an Opportunity, which Love has put into his Hands. Both the Pavilions painted by NOLLIKINS.

FROM thence you descend to a large Piece of Water, At a Distance we behold two beautiful Rivers, which join, an irregular Bason in one Stream, which falls into the Lake and makes a Cascade. Here is such a Scene of Magnificence and Nature display'd at one View. To the Right you have a View of the Gothic Temple, Lord COBHAM's Pillar, and the Bridge; in the Center is a grand View of the House, and on the Left the Pyramid; the Trees and Water so delightfully intermingled, and such charming Verdure, Symmetry, and Proportion every where presenting to the Eye, that the Judgment is agreeably puzzled, which singularly to prefer, of so many collected Beauties,

Artificial Rock-work.

THEN, turning on the Left-hand, you come to an artificial Piece of Ruins, which is mostly hid by a Clump of Ever-greens: It is adorned with the Statues of FAUNS, SATYRS, and River-Gods; a beautiful Cascade of three Sheets of Water, which will run at any time Nine Hours, falls from the Bason, through Arches, into a large Lake of ten Acres, where floats a Model of a Man of War with all her Rigging: Just by, is a cold Bath. This Ruin is a great Beauty to the Lake; there is something so delightful and pleasing to the Imagination in such Objects, that they are a great Addition to every Land-scape; and yet, perhaps, it would be hard to assign a Reason, why we are more taken with Prospects of this ruinous Kind, than with Views of Plenty and Prosperity in their greatest Perfection? Such Regularity and Exactness excites no manner of Pleasure in the Imagination, unless they are made use of to contrast with something of an opposite Kind.

The

The Fancy is struck by Nature alone; and, if Art does any thing more than improve her, we think she grows impertinent; and wish she had left off a little sooner. Thus, a regular Building, perhaps, gives us a very little Pleasure; and yet we find Rocks, beautifully set off in *Clara-obscura*, and garnished with flourishing Bushes, Ivy, and dead Branches, may afford us a great deal; and a ragged Ruin, with venerable old Oaks and Pines nodding over it, may perhaps please the Fancy yet more than either of the other two Objects.

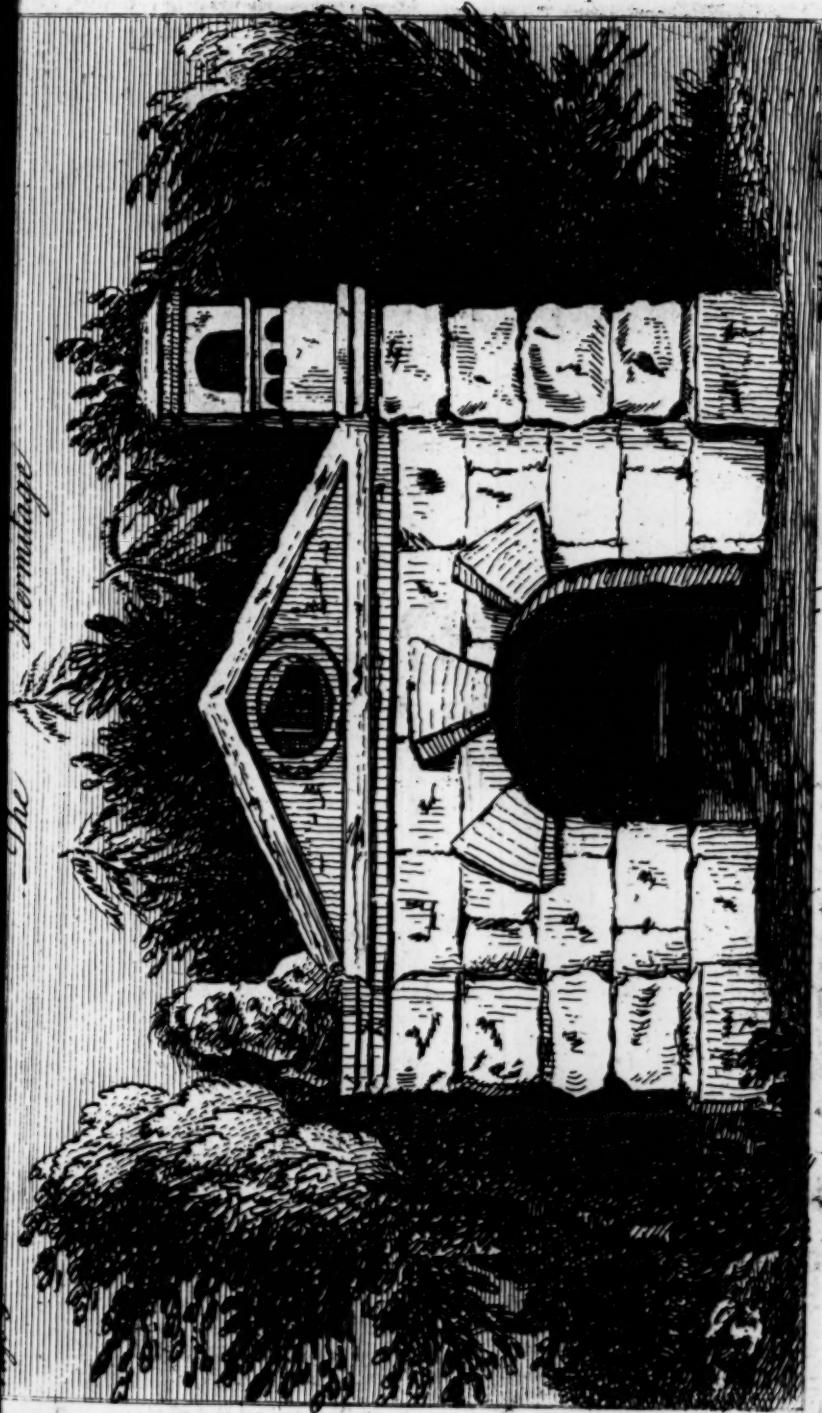
The HERMITAGE.

FROM hence we proceed to the Hermitage, which is agreeably situated in a rising Wood, and by the Side of the Lake: This old Hermitage, built all of Stone, at the Entrance of a delightful Wilderness, and a fine Lawn and Shore before it, has an exceeding good Effect. It is of the Romantic Kind: And Beauties of this Sort, where a probable Nature is not exceeded, are generally pleasing.

The TEMPLE of VENUS.

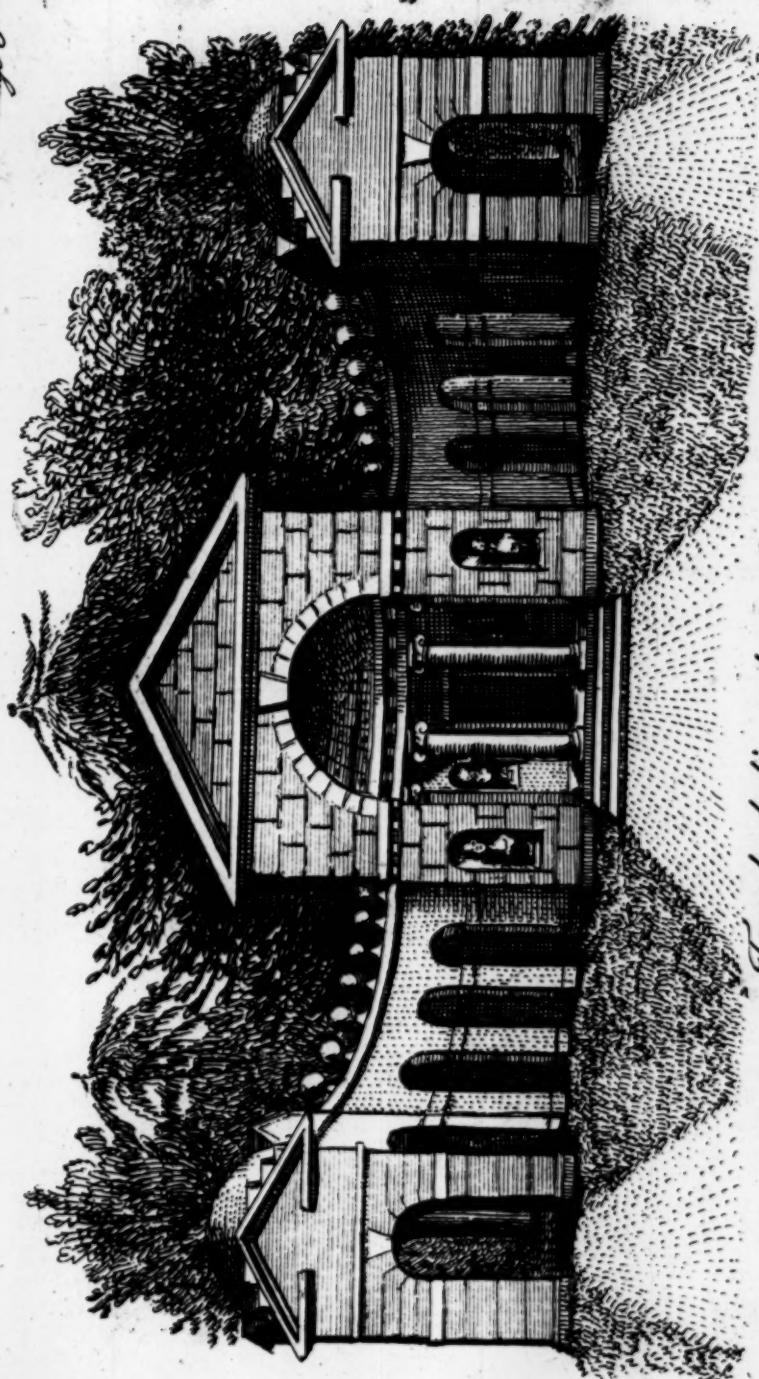
BUT let us ascend the Terras, and move towards the Left, which brings you to the Temple of VENUS; with this Inscription, *Veneri Hortensi*. It is a square Building, designed by KENT; the Inside adorned with Painting, by SLATER; taken from SPENCER's *Fairy Queen*.—*The Lady is the fair HELLINOR, who, having left a disagreeable Husband, and wandering in the Woods, was met by the polite Set of Gentry she is dancing with: She likes their Manner of Life, and resolves to enjoy it with them. Her old Spouse, MALBECCO, is inconsolable for his Loss; he wanders many Days in Search of her; and at length finds her (you see him at a Distance peeping from behind the Tree) revelling with a beastly Herd of Satyrs. When the Evening comes on, he follows the Company to their Retirement, takes a convenient Stand, and to his great Torment sees every thing that passes among them. After they were*

The Hermitage





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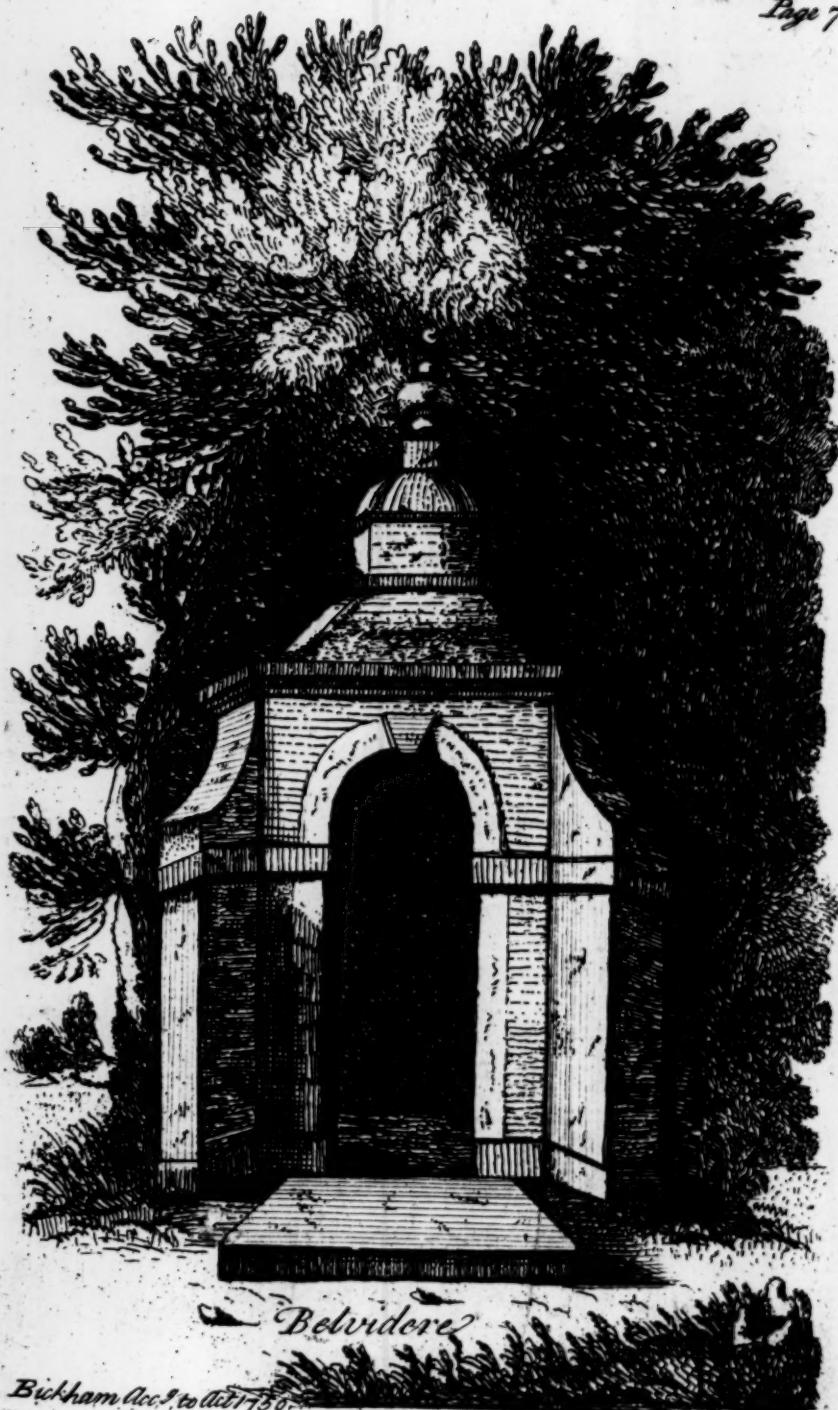


Temple dedicated to Venus.

Betham and Co. 1750







Bickham Acc'd to 1750.

were all laid asleep, he creeps gently to his Lady; and you see him, in the other Painting, offering to be reconciled to her again, if she will return back with him: But HELLINOR threatens to awake the Satyrs, and get him severely handled, if he does not immediately leave her. Upon which the poor Cuckold is obliged to fly, and soon after runs distracted.—See Book III. Canto 10.

ON the Outside, are the Busts of NERO, VESPASIAN, CLEOPATRA, and FAUSTINA; and, on the Frize, is the following Motto, alluding to the Painting,

Nunc amet qui nondum amavit;

Quique amavit, nunc amet.

CATULLUS.

Let him love now, who never lov'd before;
Let him who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Tis true, the Stories are a little loose, the luxurious Couches or Sopha's, and the Embellishments round the Walls, give the Piece quite a *Cyprian* Air, and make it a very proper Retreat for its incontinent Inhabitant.

The BELVIDERE.

BUT let us move forward towards yon Cubical-pyramidal Building, called the BELVIDERE; the whole Use of which is to contribute to the different Vista's that terminate there, through a Thousand charming Allies. It looks like a substantial one: However, it terminates this Terras exceeding well. The Ascent up to it, has a good Effect; and so has the Lawn on the Right, its Beauties: How it strikes you at first Sight! It is designed, like a Glass of Bitters before Dinner, to quicken your Appetite for the elegant Entertainment that is to follow: For my Part, I find it a very great Relief to my Eye, to take it from those grand Objects, and cast it for a few Minutes upon such a rural Scene. Just here, is a fine Statue of the *Roman* Boxers,

BOYCOAT

BOYCOAT BUILDINGS.

FROM hence you come to Two Pavilions, or BOYCOAT BUILDINGS, which is the Entrance by a noble Gate-way into the Park: Here are several agreeable Prospects into the Country: We see, on our Right-hand, a noble Terras: One of the Buildings is made use of as a Dwelling-house for Mr. WOODWARD, the Gardiner; the other stands in the Garden. The Buildings are both finished with pyramidal Tops, by GIBBS; and leads up to a noble Avenue, planted with double Lines of large Trees.

The EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

FROM thence to the *Egyptian* Pyramid, which is Sixty Feet high, and about Half-way up, is this Inscription, in very large Characters:

Inter plurima hortorum horum aedificia a JOHANNE VANBRUGH, equite, designata, hanc pyramidem illius memoriae sacram voluit COBHAM.

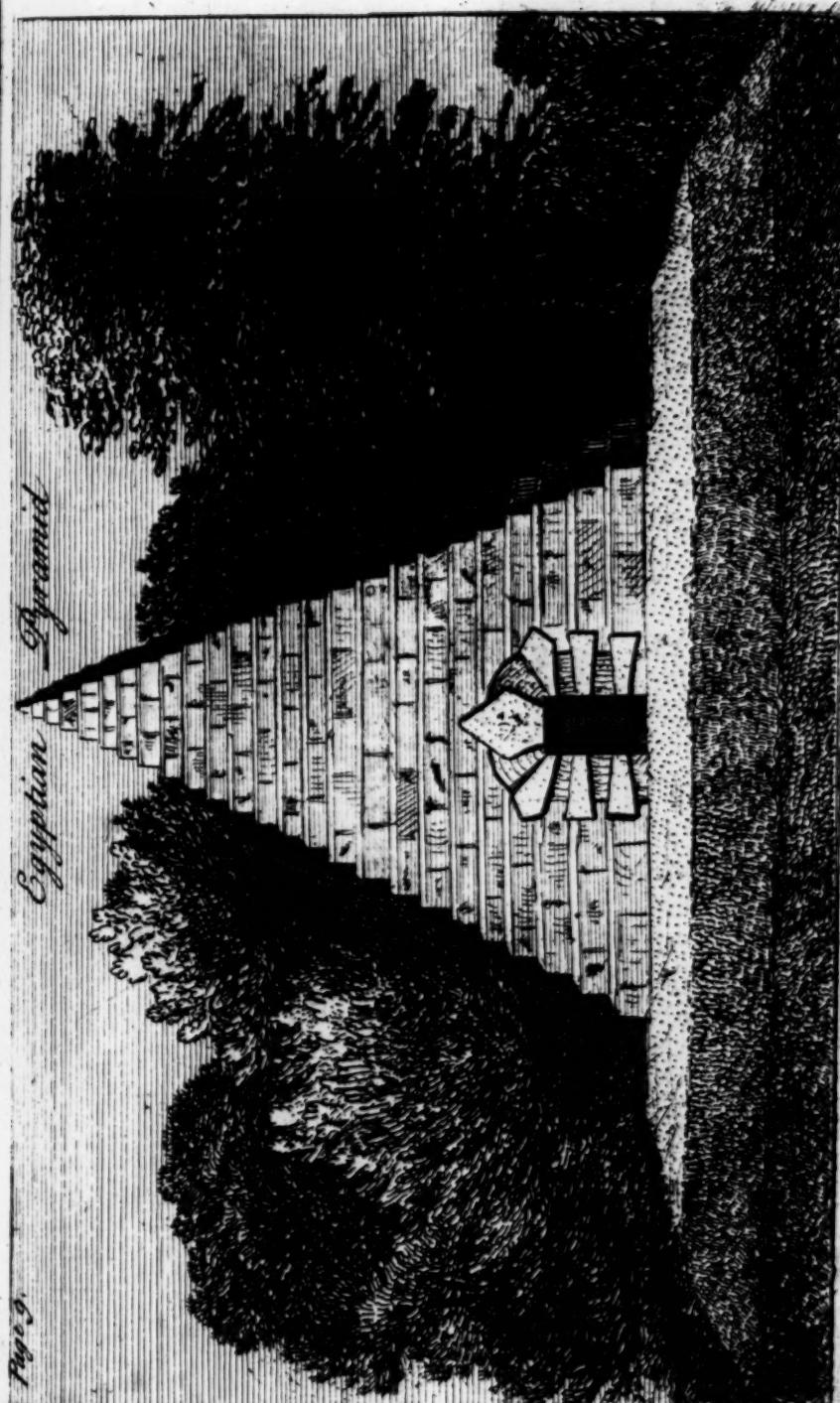
AMONG a very great Number of Structures in these Gardens, designed by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, Knight, COBHAM thought fit, that this Pyramid should be erected to his Memory.

THIS Pyramid is made of Stone, and all composed of Steps, according to the Plate that grows narrow in proportion as they reach the Top. Underneath there is a low vaulted Chamber, which is quite empty, being fit for no other Use than as a Cave for the Dead. In it is this Inscription:

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
Tempus abire tibi est; ne potum largius aequo
Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius etas* HORACE.

With Pleasure surfeited, advanc'd in Age,
Quit Life's fantastic, visionary Stage:
Lest Youth, more fitly frolicsome, may join
To push you, reeling, under Loads of Wine.

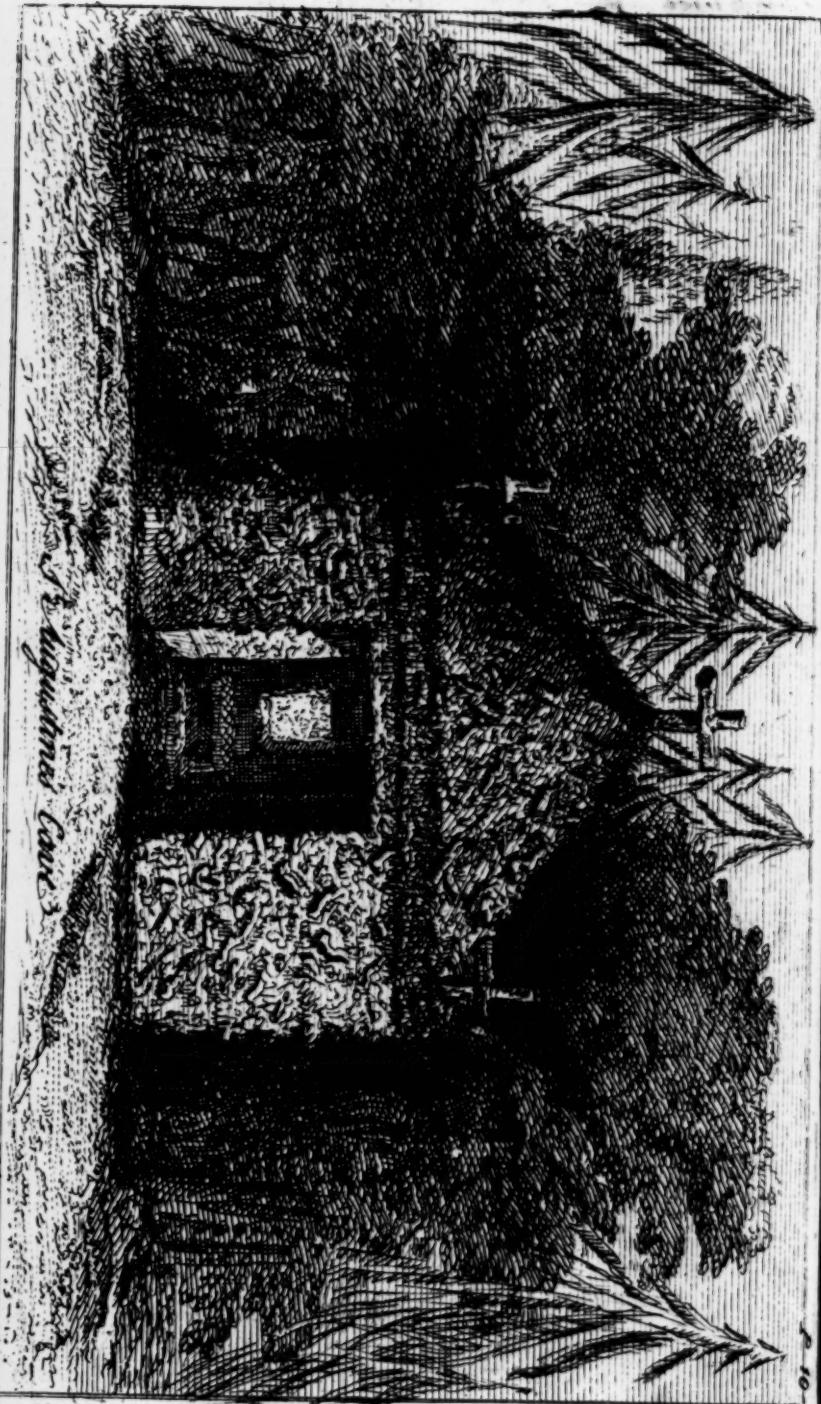
You



Egyptian Pyramid







Mymmer Cave

December 16 1950

P. 10

the Gardens at STOW.

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You cannot imagine how happily this Pyramid is situated, and what a beautiful Effect it has in different Points of Sight, and in the Deepening.

AT the Angle, on the Middle of a Gravel-walk, are the Statues of HERCULES and ANTÆUS. You enter the Wood and on the Left is a little thatch'd House; then you come to

St. AUGUSTINE's CAVE,

WHICH is a Building of Roots of Trees and Moss: Here you lose all the Sight of the Gardens, and of all its Beauties; which are intercepted by Trees, Hedges, and a great Number of Shrubs. This is very artfully contrived; in the same manner as Shades in a Picture, or Pauses in Music. In this Cave are a Straw Couch, a Wooden Chair, with three Windows or Holes, over which are Three Inscriptions in *Monkish Latin Verse.*

On the Right-hand:

*Sanctus Pater AUGUSTINUS
(Prout aliquis divinus
Narrat) contra sensualem
Actum Veneris lethalem
(Audiat clericus) ex nive
Similem puellam vivæ
Arte mira conformabat,
Quacum bonus vir cubabat:
Quod si fas est in errorem
Tantum cadere doctorem;
Quæri potest, an carnalis
Mulier potius quam nivalis
Non sit apta ad dimandum,
Subigendum, debellandum;
Carnis tunidum furorem,
Et importunum ardorem:
Nam ighis igni pellitur,
Vetus ut verbum loquitur.
Sed inruptus hac in lite
Appellabo te, marite.*

Saint

Saint AUGUSTINE, holy Father,
 (As from some Divines we gather)
 Against the Sin of lewd Embrace,
 And Act Venereal, his Grace
 To fortify (Divines, give Ear,
 The pious Precedent revere)
 With wond'rous Art a Girl of Snow
 Did make, the Life resembling so,
 That one from t'other scarce you'd know.
 This done, the good Man Side by Side
 Lay down t' enjoy his new-form'd Bride.
 But if a learned Doctor can
 Fall, as might any other Man,
 It may be ask'd, with Reason good,
 Whether a Girl of Flesh and Blood,
 More certain far than one of Snow
 Would not controul, subdue, o'erthrow
 The swelling Rebel Flesh below ;
 Of Passion cool the Rage and Boiling,
 And hinder Nature from recoiling :
 For Fire and Fire, two mortal Foes,
 Expel themselves, the Proverb goes.
 But I unmarry'd, for Decree,
 O marry'd Man, appeal to thee.

On the Left :

Apparuit mibi nuper in Somnio cum nudis & anhelantibus molliter Papillis, & bianti suaviter Vultu——Ebu ! benedicite !

*Cur gaudes, SATANA, muliebrem sumere formam ?
 Non facies Voti casti me rumpere normam.
 Heus fugiter in Cellam ! pulchram vitate Puellam ;
 Nam Radix Mortis fuit olim Fæmina in Hortis.
 Vis fieri fortis ? Noli concubere Scortis.*

*In Sanctum Origenem Eunuchum.
 Filius Ecclesæ Origenes fortasse probetur ;
 Esse Patrem nunquam se sine Teste probet.
 Virtus Diaboli est in Lumbis.*

SATAN,

SATAN, why, deck'd in Female Charms,
Dost thou attack my Heart?
My Vow is Proof against thy Arms,
Gainst all thy Wiles and Art.
Ah! Hermits, flee into your Cells,
Nor Beauty's Poison feed on.
— The Root of Death (as Story tells)
Was Woman first in EDEN.

Wouldst thou thyself a dauntless Hero prove?
Detest th' Enjoyments vile of lawless Love.

That Origin's true SON of Church, agreed—
But could not for a FATHER be decreed.

In what we call the Loins, they say,
The Devil bears the greatest Sway,

Fronting the Door.

*Mente pie elata peragro dum dulcia præta,
Dormiuit absque dolo pulchra puella solo.
Multæ ostendebat, dum semisupina jacebat,
Pulchrum Os, divinum pectus, aperta Sinum.
Ut vidi Mammas, concepi extempora Flammæ,
Et d'eturus Ave, dico, Matia, cave:
Nam magno totus violenter turbine motus
Pæne illam invado, pæne & in ora cado.
Illa sed haud lente surgit, curritque repente;
Currit, & invito me, fugit illa cito.
Fugit causa mali; tamen effectus Satanali.
Infernoq; meum cor torat igne reum.
O Inferne Canis, cur quotidie est tibi panis,
Per visus miros solicitare viros?
Cur monachos velles fieri tam carnæ rebellos,
Nec castæ legi turbida membra regi?
In tibi jam bellum atico, jam triste flagellum,
Esuriemque paro, queis subigenda caro.
Quin abscindatur, ne pars sacer trahatur,
Radix, qui solus nascitur usq; Dolus.*

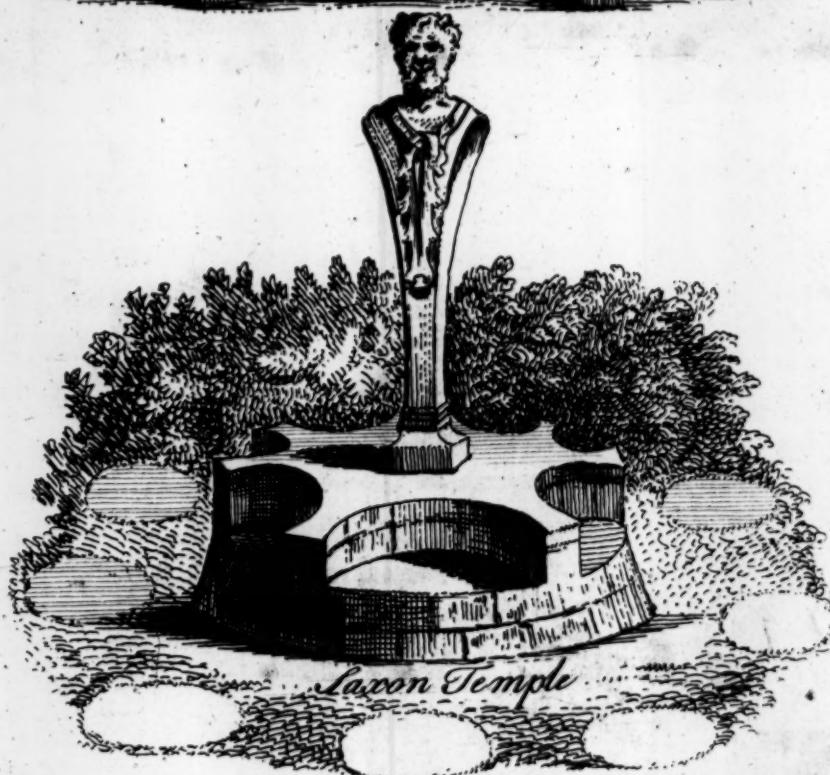
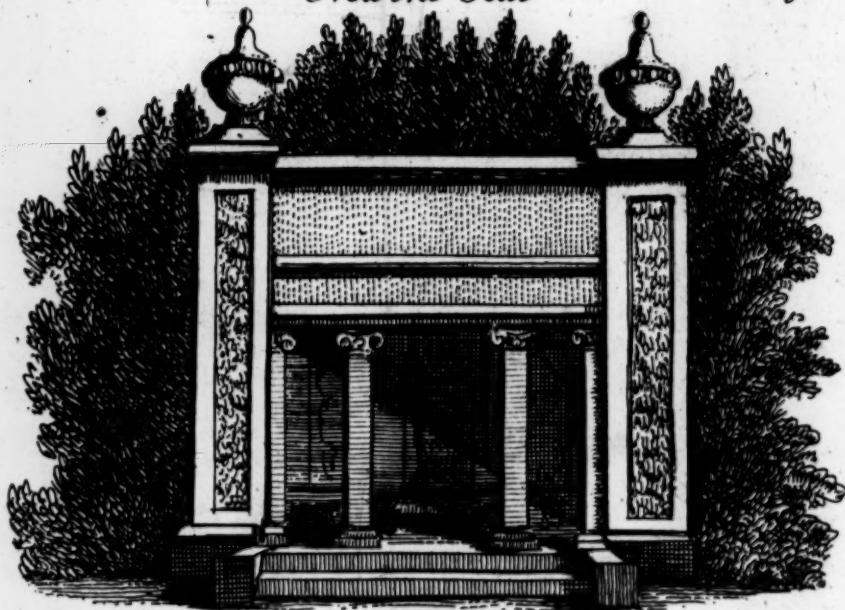
As, lost in Thought, and Contemplation deep,
I wander'd o'er the verdant Meads—in Sleep ;
Sleep undesigning ; lo ! repos'd a Maid,
Fresh as the Verdure of her grassy Bed.
Reclin'd in Posture half-supine she lay :
A World of Beauties did her Form display :
Her Face, her Neck divine, her Bosom too,
With all their Charms, were open to my View.
Her heaving Globes no sooner struck my Eye,
But strait the Flames thro' all my Vitals fly.
I wou'd have said my *Ave-Mary-Pray'r*,
But, 'stead of that, I cry out, *Maid, beware*.
For, in the Whirlwind of strong Passion tost,
And Reason in the vi'lent Transport lost,
I almost seize the fair, inviting, Prey,
And to her Lips impatient urge my Way.
She sudden starts, and, with a rapid Flight,
Shoots from my Touch, and leaves my ravish'd Sight,
The Cause of Evil's fled—Th' Effect remains,
And furiously still revels in my Veins :
Has kindled an infernal fatal Flame,
Which inward burns thro' all my guilty Frame.
Why is't thy daily Food, O hellish Cur !
Man up to Vice by wond'rous Sights to spur ?
Why is't thy Pleasure, *Monks* should thus rebel,
Their fleshly Members 'gainst their Laws should swell ?
'Gainst thee I now eternal War declare :
The Lash severe, and Hunger, I prepare ;
With these to mortify my carnal Lust,
To these my Virtue, Chastity, to trust.
But, lest the Part, that's whole, should be infected,
That Modesty may better be protected,
Best, once for all, to cut away the Root,
From which alone our guilty Passions shoot.

You see with what Art the Shades have been managed throughout this magnificent Picture ; for, after having been ravished with glittering and enchanting Objects, you suddenly meet with others of a more soft and supple Kind : This implies an exquisite Taste in the presiding



Nelson's Seat

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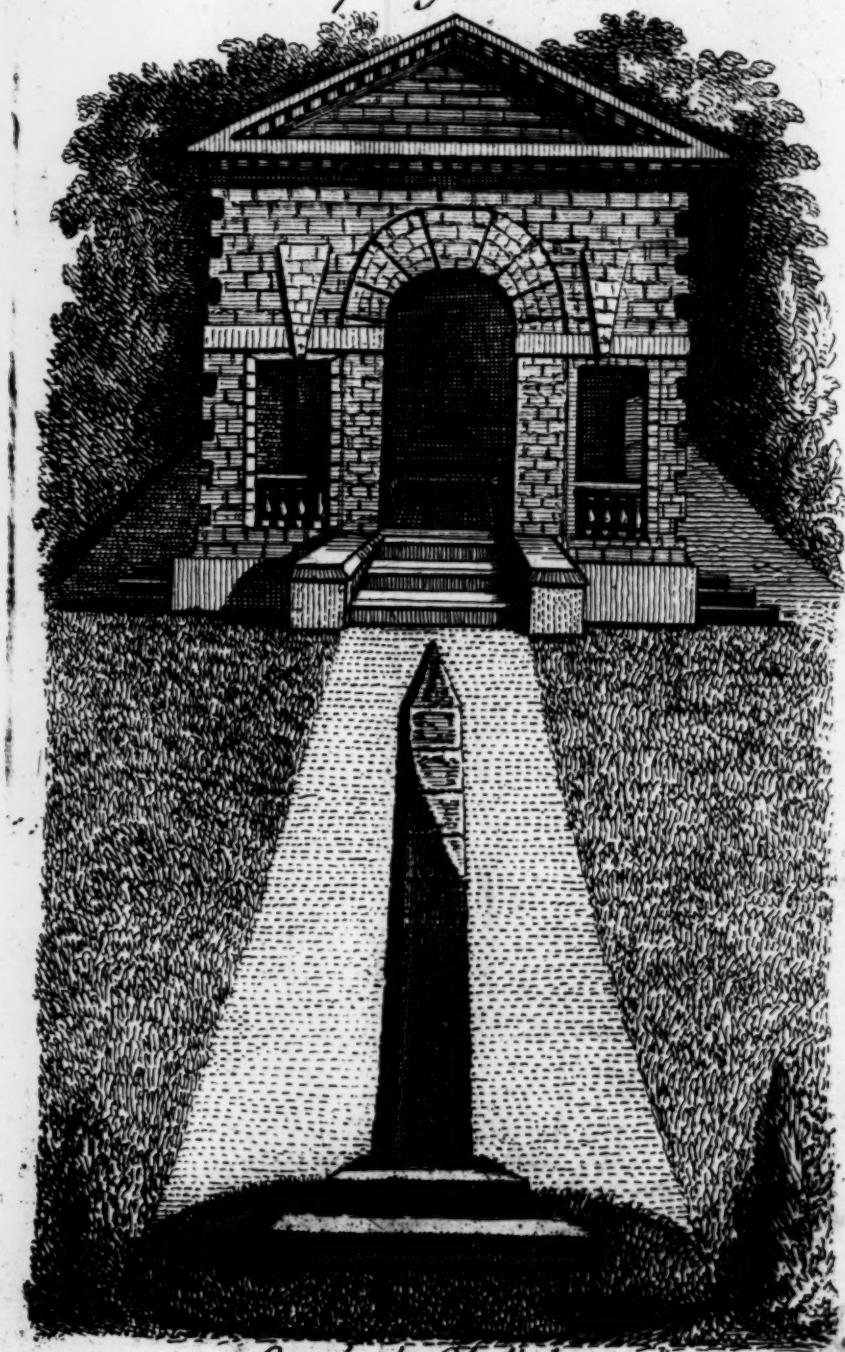


Buckham Acc. 1 to Oct 1750.



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Temple of Bacchus.



Coucher's Obelisk

Bickham Nov 10 Dec 1750

the Gardens at STOW. 11

presiding Genius of the Place. On a rising Ground, and a little Way off is an Obelisk erected with this Inscription :

To the Memory of ROBIN COUCHER.

The TEMPLE of BACCHUS.

LEAVING this Place, you approach a Building of a quite different Nature, called, *The Temple of BACCHUS*, built of Brick but painted White and surrounded with Statues : Here one seldom misses sitting down a while, either to fetch a little Bréath, or to admire the Painting. On the Walls you see the Triumphs of Drunkennels and Jollity ; and, on the Cieling, the God BACCHUS, of an enormous Size, by NOLLIKINS. From this Structure, there is a delightful Prospect of the Lake, VENUS's Temple, the Rotunda with it's Canal ; and on the Right the Belvidere, and a distant Prospect towards AYLESBURY and WENDOVER Hills, with a great Variety of beautiful Objects ; and all, so happily disposed, make a most delightful Picture. These Trees give an agreeable cool Air, and make it, I think, as elegant a Retreat for the Enjoyment of a Summer's Evening, as can well be imagin'd.

The SAXON TEMPLE.

NOT far from this is the *Saxon Temple* : It is an Altar placed in an open Grove, round which the Seven Deities of this Nation, that gave Name to the Days of the Week, were placed ; which are since removed to the *Gothic Building*, which we shall treat of in its Place.

NELSON's SEAT.

THE first Thing that strikes you here, is *NELSON's Seat*. This is a small, but handsome oblong square Recess, in a Clump of Ever-greens ; and is a well-painted Structure to the North-west of the Mansion-House,

House, from whence there is an open Prospect; and in it are the following Inscriptions, describing the Paintings.

On the Right-hand :

*Ultra Euphratēm & Tigrim
usq; ad Oceanum propagatā Ditione,
Orbis Terrarum Imperium Romæ ad signat optimus Princeps;
cui superad volat Victoria
Laurigerum fētum hinc inde
utraq; manu extendens,
comitantibus Pietate & Abundantia.
In Arcu CONSTANTINI.*

The most excellent Prince,
having extended his Power beyond the *Euphrates* and
Tygris,
as far as the Ocean,
assigns the Empire of the World to *Rome* :

Over whom flies *Victory*,
stretching forth a Laurel Crown
on each Side with both Hands,
accompanied with *Piety* and *Plenty*.

In the Arch of *CONSTANTINE*.

On the Left :

*Post Obitum L. VERI
in Imperio cum MARCO confortis,
Roma
integrā Orbis Terrarum
Poteſtatem ei, & in eo, contulit.
In Capitolio.*

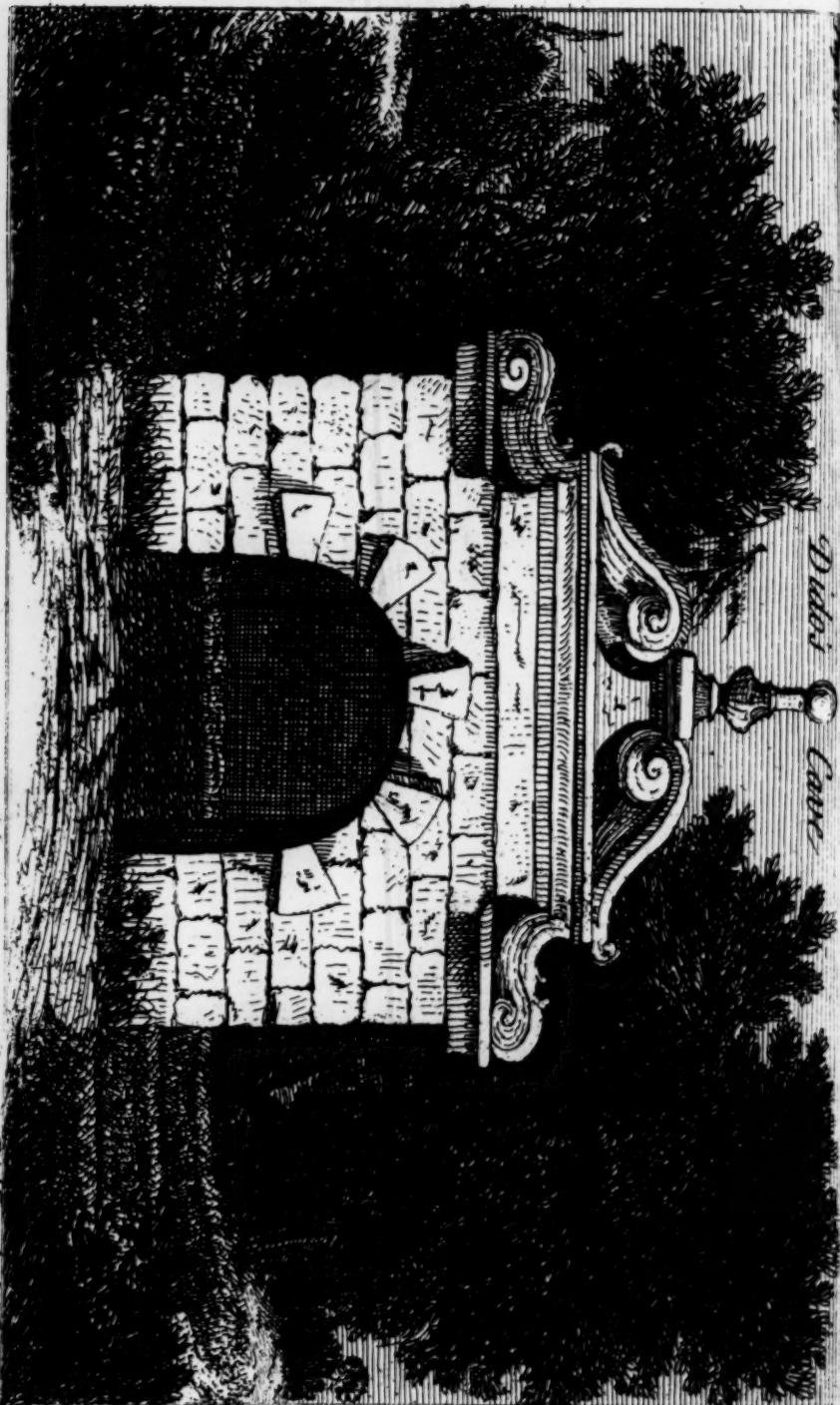
After the Death of *LUCIUS VERUS*,
Partner in the Empire with *MARCUS*,
Rome

conferr'd on him, and in him,
the whole Power over the World.

In the Capitol.

THE





Diderij
Cave

THE Eye, after being confined in the Wood, breaking at once out of it, we are agreeably surprized with a fine open Country on the North : On the South, the *Rotunda* appears : On the West, the *Boycote Buildings* : On the East, the Equestrian Statue (at the Head of the Canal) of the late King ; which stands in the Back Front of the House, with this Inscription :

*In Medio mibi CÆSAR erit—
Et viridi in Campo Signum de Marmore ponam
Propter Aquam.* COBHAM.

Imperial CÆSAR shall the Centre grace ;
A Marble Statue to my Prince I'll place,
Near the clear Water, on the verdant Grass.

OPPOSITE to the South Front is a grand and noble Parterre, where you have a fine Avenue to the Entrance of the Garden and the distant Hills ; on the Right you have a View of a *Corinthian* Column, on which is the Statue of his present Majesty, with this Inscription :

G E O R G I O A U G U S T O.

ON the Left, a View of the Top of the Church, the Temple of antient VIRTUE, and most delightful Prospect over the Country ; and, in the Garden, several other Buildings present themselves with great Pomp. The Lake, whose Bounds are beautifully concealed, adds much to the general Agreeableness of the Place.

D I D O 's C A V E.

GOING from thence you find a dark winding Alley, which conducts you to Dido's Cave. It is a retired dark Building of Stone in a Wood, and raised on a Sort of Amphitheatre, with this Inscription :

*Speluncam Dido, Dux & Trojanus, eandem
Deveniunt.* VIRG.
Repairing

Repairing to the same dark Cave are seen
The *Trojan* Hero, and the *Tyrian* Queen.

HERE you see the pious *ÆNEAS* at the Feet of his
fair *Carthaginian*, both very lively represented ; and
near them two handsome *Cupids* joining their lighted
Torches, which are well drawn, and beautifully col-
oured.

The ROTUNDA.

NOT far from hence a majestic Edifice rises, called,
The *Rotunda* : There is not a Piece of Stone-work in
the whole Garden that makes a more beautiful Figure
than this, in point of Perspective ; it is an airy Build-
ing, by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH. The Dome is sup-
ported on Ten *Ionic* Columns ; and, in the Centre,
standing on a circular Pedestal, is a *Venus à Medicis* : It
stands on a gentle Rise, and a beautiful View of the
Queen's Theatre, NELSON's Seat, and its fine Canal,
the Belvidere, Pyramid, and first Prospect of the Lake.

The late QUEEN'S STATUE.

FROM this Place we have a View of Part of the Lake,
the great Lawn, and several other Buildings, presenting
themselves alternately as we turn ourselves round : On
one Side you have an Opening, laid out with all the Em-
bellishments of Art ; on the other, a spacious Theatre :
Here you behold an Area, watered by a clear Canal,
where wantonly sport a vast Number of Swans, Wild-
duks, and Peacocks, &c. Her late Majesty's is the
principal Figure in the Scene, with this Inscription :

Honor, Laudi, Virtuti Divæ CAROLINÆ.

To the Honour, Praise, and Virtue of the Divine
CAROLINE.

AND around her a merry Company of Nymphs and
Swains,

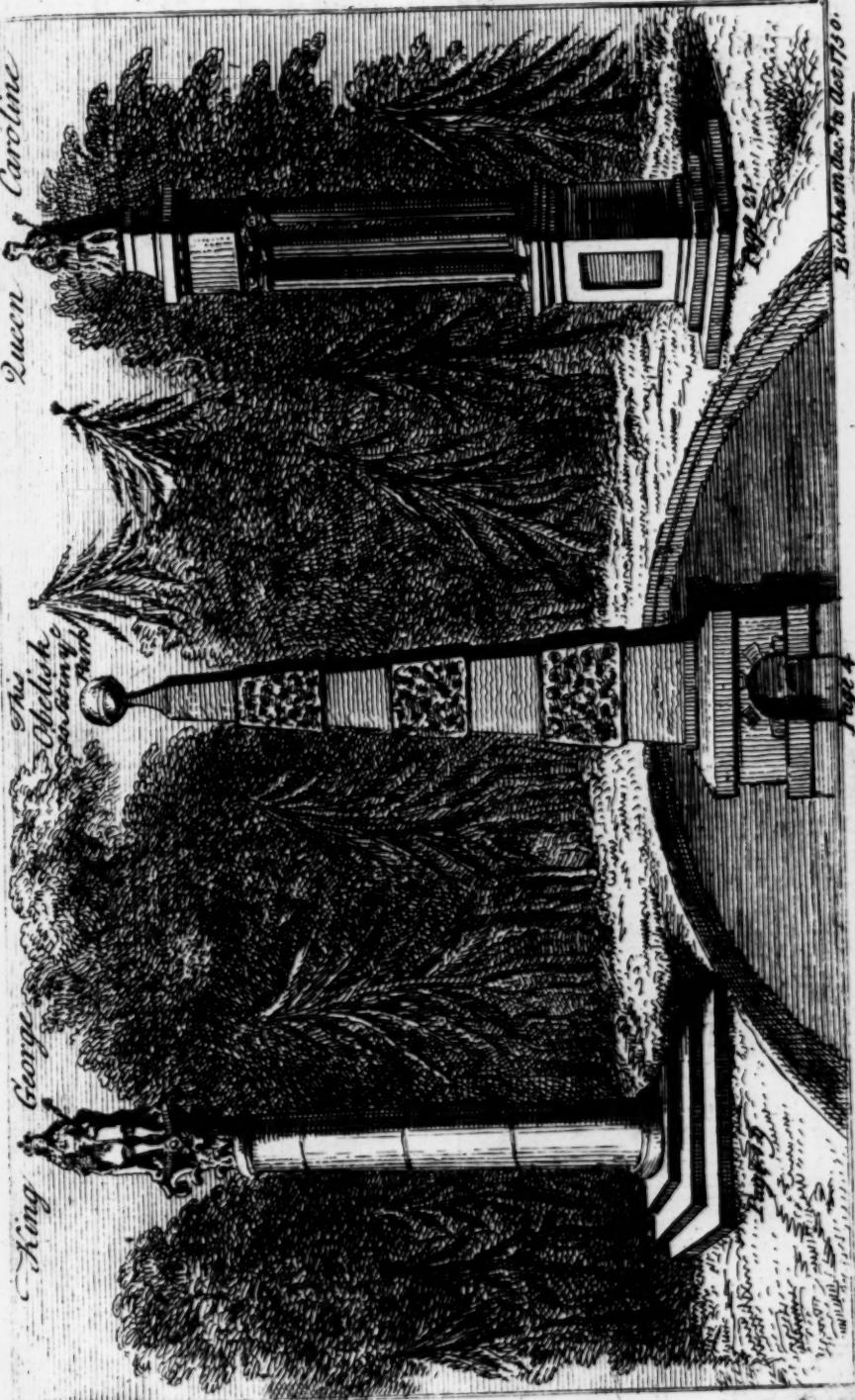


Rotundo.

G.Bickham sculp.

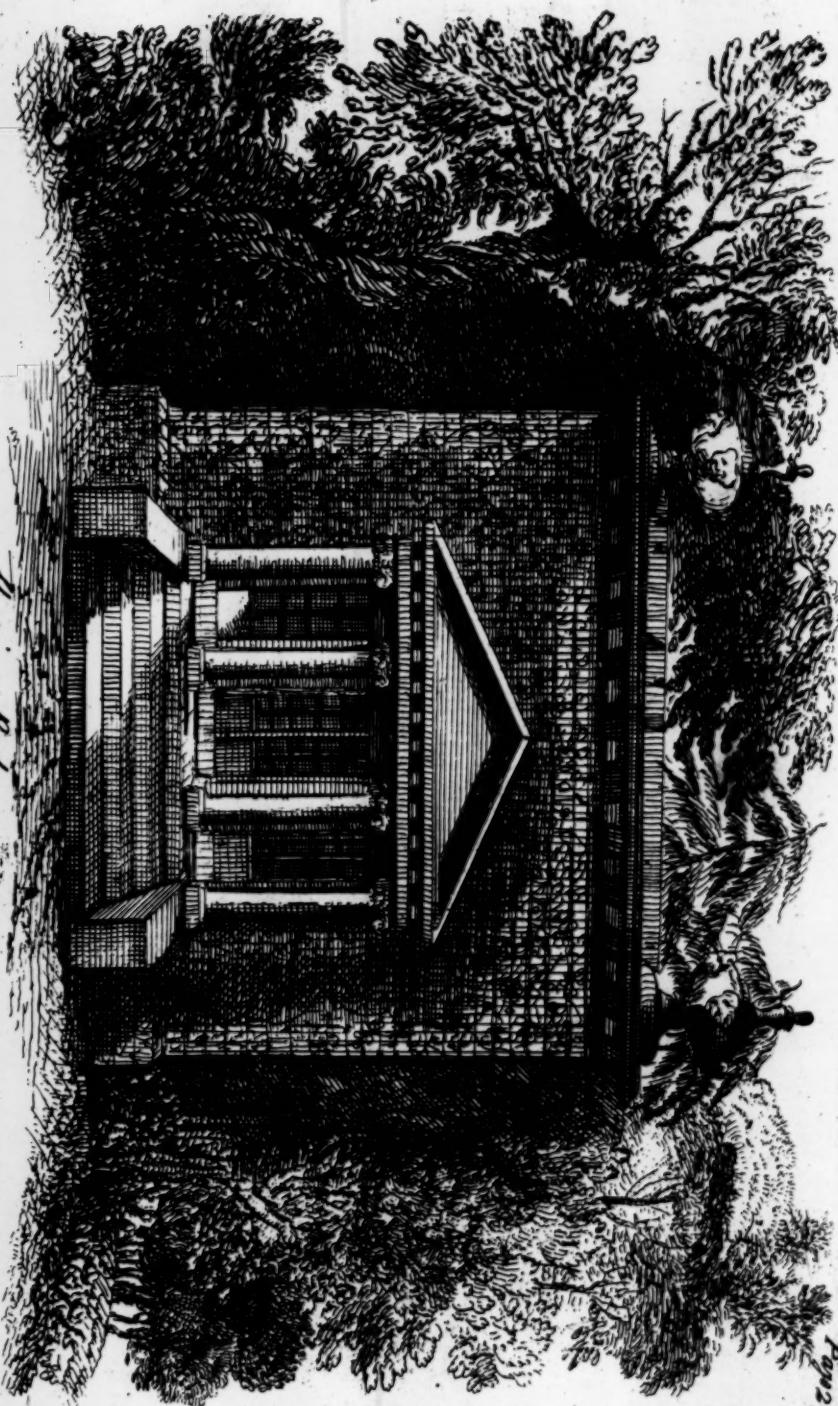
According to Act of Parliament 1753.











Sleeping Parlour.

Bickham Almanack 1750

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Swains, enjoying themselves in the Shade. This is absolutely a most charming Prospect. And then, on the opposite Side, what a beautiful Contrast! for which we are almost solely obliged to Nature. The Lawn is formed by that Semicircle of Trees in a very grand Theatre. The Point of Sight is centred in a beautiful manner by the Pyramid, which appears to great Advantage amongst those venerable Oaks; two or three other Buildings half hid amongst the Trees, which come in for a Share in the Prospect, and add much to the Beauty of it. Nor do I think this other View inferior to it: That Variety of Shades among the Trees; the Lake spread so elegantly amongst them, and glittering here and there through the Bushes; with the Temple of VENUS, as a Termination to the View. Here is a Vista likewise, very happily terminated by the Canal. There is another close View likewise, towards NELSON's Seat. In short, here is a Variety of very elegant Prospects, centred in this Point, which make up some very beautiful Landscapes. And, at some Distance thence, the Temple of *Sleep* unlocks its Gates, to draw you, as it were, from too great a Rapture of Admiration, and to afford you an Opportunity of recruiting your exhausted Spirits, in order to be better able to examine, with Care, the remaining Beauties of these enchanted Habitations,

The SLEEPING PARLOUR.

THIS Temple is situated at the Bottom of a lovely Recess, contrived with all imaginable Art, in the Middle of a cool dark Grove; far from all Noise, and breathing, as it were, Tranquility and Repose. Six Walks centre in this Building, which is of Free-stone; and contains only a middling Hall, where commodious Canopies invite you to sleep; and the Walls are adorned with most charming Fresco's of the CÆSARS Heads, with several Festoons of Fruit and Flowers. On the Frise is this Inscription:

Cum

Cum omnia sunt in incerto, fave tibi.

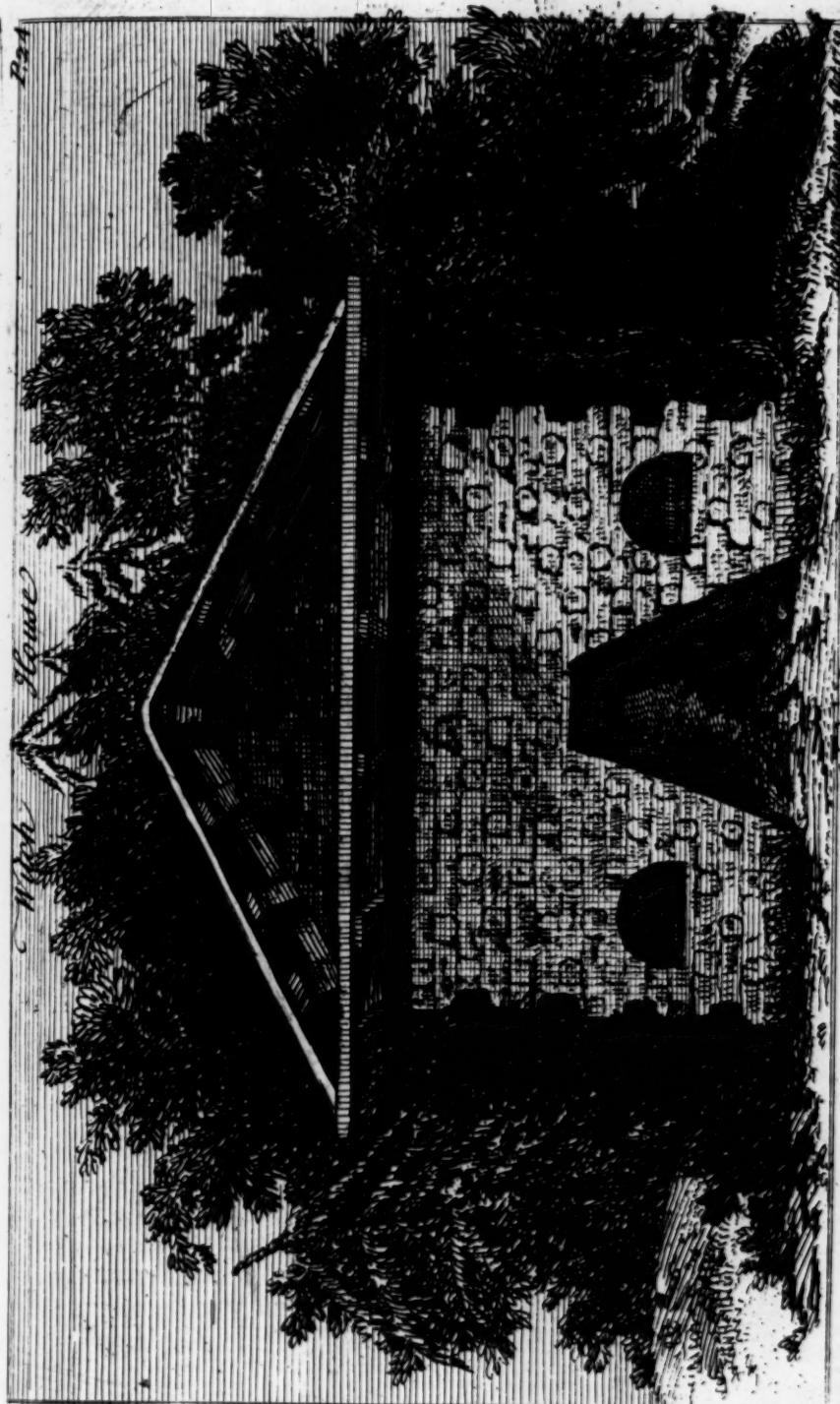
Since all Things are uncertain, indulge thyself,

I MUST confess, that I think OVID himself could scarce have buried the senseless God in an happier Retirement. This gloomy Darkness, these easy Couches, and that excellent *Epicurean* Argument above the Door, would incline me wonderfully to indulge a little, if these beautiful Ornaments did not keep my Attention awake: But there wants a purling Stream, to sing a *Requiem* to the Senses; though the Want is in some measure made up by the drowsy Lullabies of that murmuring Swarm, which this Shade has invited to wanton beneath it; and, I must own, Sleeping is a Compliment as much due to this Place, as Admiration and Attention are to RAPHAEL, at *Hampton-Court*.

The WITCH-HOUSE.

LEAVING this Place, and crossing the Avenue from the Pavilions before-mentioned, we come to the *Witch-House*; which I look upon as a great Master-piece. You must know, that this House is inhabited by a Necromancer; and that Inscription lets you know the Hand that has been employed to paint it. The Paintings are copied from the famous GILLOT's Prints, called His Dreams. But here, the Composition, Drawing, and Pencilling, I must allow you, are not the most elegant; but if the Design and Figures were the Artist's own (for they shew excellent Humour, and exceeding good Invention), that Consultation is well imagined; and so are these Witches and Wizards, their Employments likewise, their Form and Attitudes, are well varied: They are all painted by the late Lord's Gentleman, and the Devices are alluding to the Name. This is a small Brick House, consecrated to Magic, Witchcraft, and Astrology. Care has been also taken to place in some Part of the Cave the famous Tripod of the *Sibyl*. Not far from hence, is a House that formerly belonged

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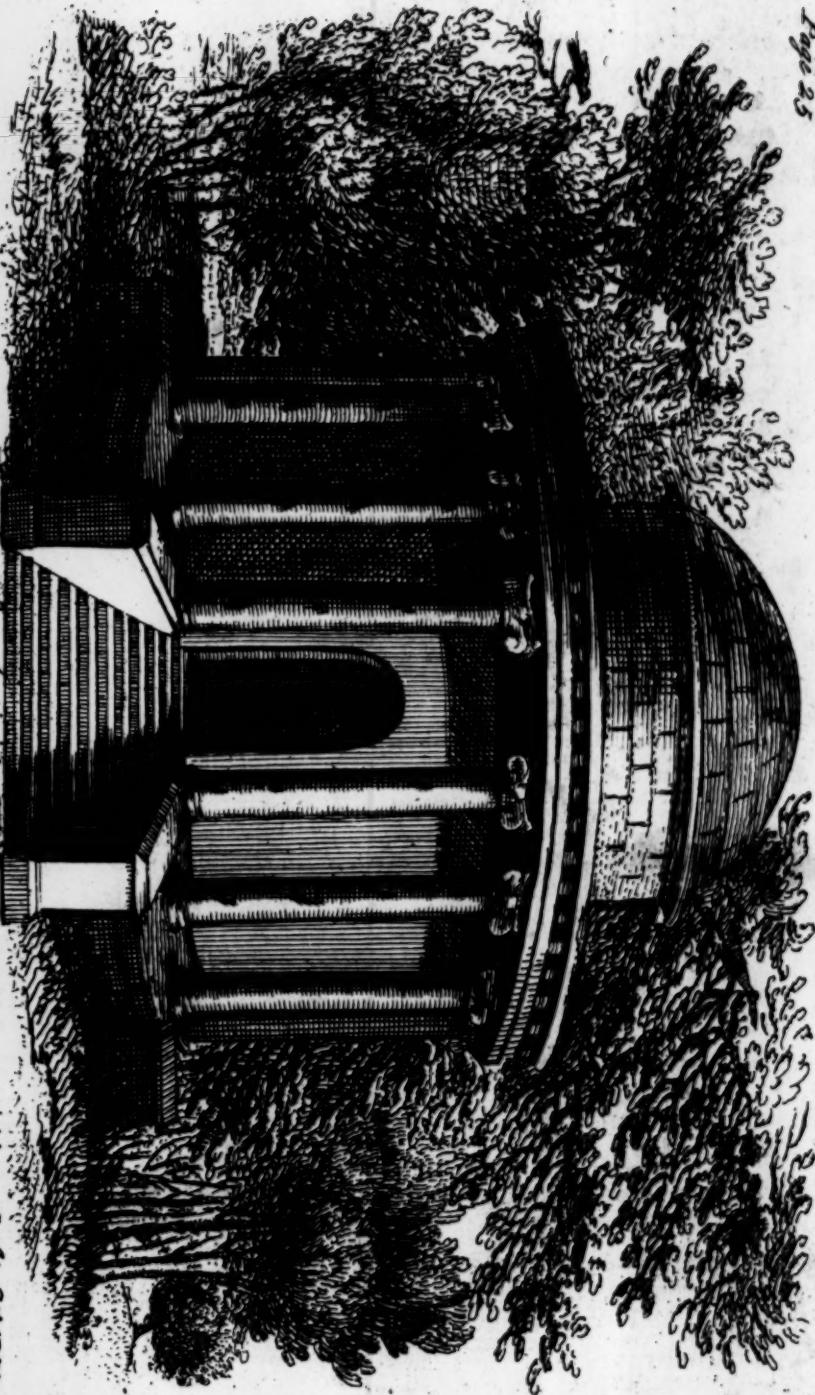






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Journal of
Ancient Virtues -
Buckham Aug 10 1750.



The Gardens at STOW. 17

belonged to the Vicar CON. RAND, but now taken in the Gardens ; near the House, are placed on Pedestals, APOLLO and the *Nine Muses*, round the Spring of *He-licon*. And now we proceed to the *Elysian Fields* ; and here we have a View of a fine antique Building, call'd,

The TEMPLE of ANTIENT VIRTUE.

IN this Rotunda, of the *Ionic* Order, done by KENT, you will find it a very illustrious Assembly of great Men ; the wisest Lawgiver, the best Philosopher, the most divine Poet, and the most able Captain, that perhaps ever lived. I fancy you will hardly dissent from me, when I tell you these Heroes Names : There stands LYCURGUS ; there, SOCRATES ; there, HOMER ; and there, EPAMINONDAS. Illustrious Chiefs, who made Virtue their only Pursuit, and the Welfare of Mankind their only Study ; in whose Breasts, mean Self-Interest had no Possession. To establish a well-regulated Constitution, to dictate the soundest Morality, to place Virtue in the most amiable Light, and bravely to defend a People's Liberty ; were Ends, which neither the Difficulty in overcoming the Prejudices, and taming the savage Manners, of a barbarous State ; the Corruptions of a licentious Age, and the ill Usage of an invidious City ; neither the vast Pains of searching into Nature, and laying up a Stock of Knowledge sufficient to produce the noble Work of Art ; nor popular Tumults at home, and the most threatening Dangers abroad, could ever tempt them to lose Sight of, or in the least abate that Ardency of Temper, with which they pursued them. This is an excellent Grace ; for it would be difficult to trace, through all Antiquity, Persons more eminent in the above-mentioned Qualities, than these Four Heroes.

D

I. EPA-

I. EPAMINONDAS.

*Cujus a virtute, prudentia, verecundia,
Thebanorum respublica
Libertatem simul & imperium,
Disciplinam bellicam, civilem & domesticam
Acceptit;
Eoque amissio, perdidit.*

WHOSE Courage, Prudence, and Moderation, gave Liberty and Empire, an happy Establishment, as well civil as military, to the *Theban* Commonwealth; but whose Death snatched from it the Enjoyment of these Blessings.

II. LYCURGUS.

*Qui summo cum consilio inventis legibus,
Ominemque contra corruptelam inunitis optime,
Pater patriæ
Libertatem firmissimam,
Et mores sanctissimos,
Expulsa cum divitiis avaritia, luxuria, libidine,
In multa secula
Civibus suis instituit.*

HAVING planned with the greatest Wisdom a political Constitution, secured by the most prudent means against every Inroad of Corruption, this great Father of his Country bequeathed to his Citizens the most lasting Liberty, and the severest Morts; the Gratification of every inordinate Desire being forbid by the Disuse of Wealth.

III. SOCRATES.

*Qui corruptissima in civitate innocens,
Bonorum hortator, unici cultor DEI,
Ab inutili otio, & vanis disputationibus,
Ad officia vitae, & societatis comoda
Philosophiam avocavit,
Hominum sapientissimus.*

WHOSE

WHOSE Innocence of Life, and true Notions in Morality and Religion, withstood the Corruptions of a licentious State ; and whose Wisdom, and just Manner of thinking, delivered Philosophy from an idle and disputative scholastic Life, and introduced her into Society to amend Mankind.

IV. H O M E R U S.

*Qui poetarum princeps, idem & maximus,
Virtutis prece, & immortalitatis largitor,
Divino carmine,
Ad pulchre audendum, & patiendum fortiter,
Omnibus notus gentibus, omnes incitat.*

THE first as well as best of Poets: Whose great and almost peculiar Excellence it was, that he made his Genius entirely subservient to the Cause of Virtue, and her Adherents ; instructing Mankind, by the Help of a Language universally known, in the godlike Arts of daring nobly, and suffering heroically.

Over one Door is this Inscription.

*Charum esse civem, bene de republica mereri, laudari,
coli, diligi, gloriolum est : Metui vero, & in odio esse, in-
vidiosum, detestabile, imbecillum, caducum.*

To be dear to our Country, to deserve well of the State, to be honoured, reverenced, and loved, is truly glorious ; but, to be dreaded and hated of Mankind, is not only base and detestable, but highly impolitic likewise, and hazardous.

And, over the other.

*Justitiam cole & pietatem, quæ cum si magna in paren-
tibus & propinquis, tum in patria maxima est. Ea vita
via est in cælum, & in hunc cætum eorum qui jam vixerunt.*

ABOVE

ABOVE all Things cultivate an honest Disposition, and the benevolent, social Affections ; which, confined within the small Circle of our Friends and Relations, are indeed highly laudable ; but can then only be called truly virtuous and exalted, when they extend themselves wide enough to take in every Individual of the Society we are Members of. A Life so regulated, is the direct Road to the Regions of Happiness, and to the illustrious Assembly of those, who have thus benefited Mankind before us.

IT is pleasing here to observe, that the Stone Steps which lead to the Temple Gate, as likewise the Gate itself, are very narrow ; doubtless, to insinuate the Difficulty of the Entrance. Another Thing very observable near this Temple, is, a Heap of artificial Ruins ; which forms an admirable Contrast with this fine Building. The Explanation of the Enigma is this : This Temple represents the flourishing State of Antient Virtue, which nothing has been able to impair or destroy ; and which bravely defies the Power of Time. These Ruins, and the old Statue just close to them, are intended to shew us the shattered State of Modern Virtue ; which, as early almost as its Birth, becomes withered and decrepit. Hence this fine Moral may be drawn, That Glory, founded on true Merit, is solid and lasting ; while a Reputation, built on the empty Applauses of the Multitude, soon fades away. This is really a just and ingenious Thought. From this Spot we have no distant Prospect ; but, notwithstanding that, it abounds with lasting Beauties : It is really placed in a Sort of Paradise ; and Things rising adequate to that Name, you see Friendship flourishing in immortal Youth : Here are sweet purling Streams, resembling the melodious Sounds of Birds. We are now not far from the Parish-Church, which is so closely surrounded with a Wood, as not to be seen. From hence you come to the Side of a River, where

Unpolish'd



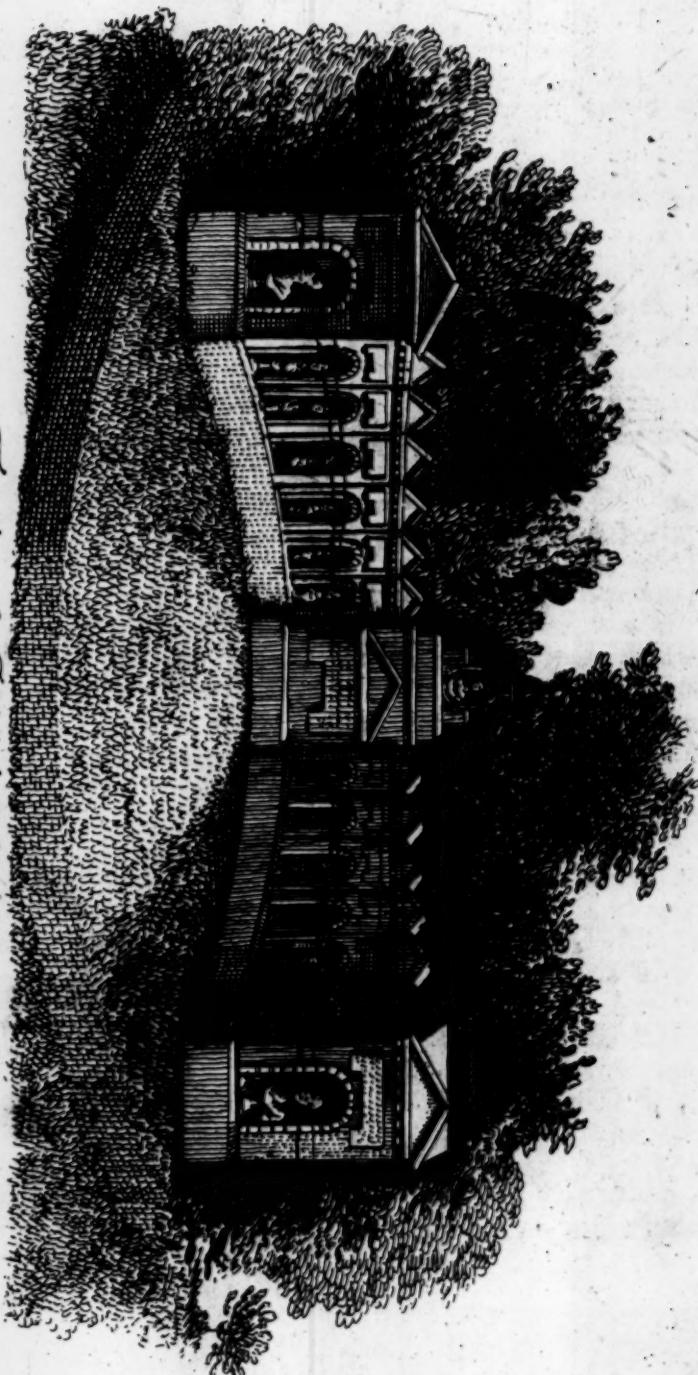
Temple of Modern Virtue.

Bishamando AD 750





Temple of British Worthies. Bickham 1750. Page 28



Unpolish'd Nature cannot boast a Part:
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art,

And by its winding Banks, called, The Serpentine
River: At the Side of which is

The MONUMENTS of BRITISH WORTHIES.

HERE you are presented with an illustrious Set of the greatest Wits, Patriots, and Heroes, that are to be met with in our Chronicles. This is an Edifice of a very singular Taste, without Roof or Gate, built in the Shape of a Quadrant: But when you view those Bustoes, or that awful Assembly, is not your Breast warmed by a Variety of grand Ideas, which this Sight must give Birth to? There you have a View of the calm Philosopher, who sought Virtue in her Retirement, and benefited Mankind by Thought and Meditation. Some took the human Mind for their Theme; examined the various Powers it is endowed with; and gave us *to know ourselves*: Others took Nature for their Subject, looked through all her Works, and inlarged our Notions of a God: While others, warmly with a generous Resentment against Vice and Folly, made Morality their Care, To the cool Reasoner, serious Philosophy, without any Ornament but Truth, was recommended: To the gayer Disposition, the moral Song was directed, and the Heart was improved, while the Fancy was delighted: To those who were yet harder to work upon, the Force of Example was made use of: Folly is put to the Test of Ridicule, and laughed out of Countenance; while the moral Scene, like a distorted Mirror shews the Villain his Features in so deformed a Manner, that he starts at his own Image with Horror and Affright. On the other Side you are presented with a View of those illustrious Worthies, who spent their Lives in Actions; who left Retirement to the calm Philosopher, entered into the Bustle of Mankind, and pursued Virtue in the dazzling Light in which she appears to Patriots and Heroes. Inspired by every generous

generous Sentiment, these gallant Spirits founded Constitutions, shunned the Torrent of Corruption, battled for the State, ventured their Lives in the Defence of their Country, and gloriously bled in the Cause of Liberty.

Unspotted Names, and memorable long,
If there be Force in Virtue, or in Song.

THE Busts are placed in the following Order: The first, and in the gable End of the Building, is Mr. POPE. The Gentleman (if a Gentleman, who left the following Lines on his Bust), best knows what he meant by them:

For Love, some worship; some for Fear:
Ask'st Thou, my Friend, how POPE came here?

The next, Sir *THOMAS GRESHAM*, with this Inscription:

WHO, by the honourable Profession of a Merchant, having enriched himself, and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the *Royal Exchange*.

IGNATIUS JONES,

WHO, to adorn his Country, introduced and rivaled the *Greek* and *Roman* Architecture.

JOHN MILTON,

WHOSE sublime and unbounded Genius, equalled a Subject that carried him beyond the Limits of the World.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

WHOSE excellent Genius opened to him the whole Heart of Man, all the Mines of Fancy, all the Stores of Nature; and gave him Power, beyond all other Writers, to move, astonish, and delight Mankind.

JOHN

JOHN LOCKE,

WHO, best of all Philosophers, understood the Powers of the human Mind, the Nature, End, and Bounds of Civil Government; and, with equal Courage and Sagacity, refuted the flavish Systems of usurped Authority over the Rights, the Consciences, or the Reason of Mankind.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

WHOM the God of Nature made to comprehend his Works; and, from simple Principles, to discover the Laws never known before, and to explain the Appearances, never understood, of this stupendous Universe.

Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord VERULAM,

WHO, by the Strength and Light of a superior Genius, rejecting vain Speculation, and fallacious Theory, taught to pursue Truth, and improve Philosophy, by the certain Method of Experiment.

IN the Niche of a Pyramid is placed a MERCURY, with these Words subscrib'd:

— *Campos dicit ad Elysios.*

— Leads to th' *Elysian Fields.*

AND below this Figure is fixed a Square of black Marble, with the following Lines:

*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

Here are the Bands, who for their Country bled,
And Bards, whose pure and sacred Verse is read:
Those who, by Arts invented, Life improv'd,
And, by their Merits, made their Mem'ries lov'd.

KING

A DESCRIPTION OF

KING ALFRED.

THE mildest, justest, most beneficent of Kings ; who drove out the *Danes*, secured the Seas, protected Learning, established Juries, crushed Corruption, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the *English* Constitution.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales.

THE Terror of Europe, the Delight of England ; who preserved, unaltered, in the Height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleness and Modesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

WHO confounded the Projects, and destroyed the Power, that threatened to oppress the Liberties of Europe ; took of the Yoke of Ecclesiastical Tyranny ; restored Religion from the Corruptions of Popery ; and, by a wise, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security, and Respect to England.

KING WILLIAM III.

WHO, by his Virtue and Constancy, having saved his Country from a Foreign Master, by a bold and generous Enterprize, preserved the Liberty and Religion of Great Britain.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH,

A VALIANT Soldier, and an able Statesman ; who, endeavoured to rouse the Spirit of his Master, for the Honour of his Country, against the Ambition of Spain, fell a Sacrifice to the Influence of that Court, whose Arms he had vanquished, and whose Designs he had opposed.

Sir **FRANCIS DRAKE**,

WHO, through many Perils, was the First of *Britons* that adventured to sail round the Globe; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations the Knowledge and Glory of the *English Name*.

JOHN HAMPDEN,

WHO, with great Spirit, and consummate Abilities, began a noble Opposition to an arbitrary Court, in Defence of the Liberties of his Country; supported them in Parliament; and died for them in the Field.

Sir **JOHN BARNARD**,

Without any Inscription.

ON the Backside of this Building, is the following Inscription:

To the Memory

of

SIGNIOR FIDO;

an *Italian* of good Extraction;

who came into *England*,

not to bite us, like most of his Countrymen,

but to gain an honest Livelihood.

He hunted not after Fame,

yet acquir'd it;

regardless of the Praise of his Friends,

but most sensible of their Love.

Though he lived amongst the Great,
he neither learnt, nor flattered any Vice.

He was no Bigot:

Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 Articles,

And, if to follow Nature,

and to respect the Laws of Society,

be Philosophy,

he was a perfect Philosopher;

a faithful Friend;

A DESCRIPTION of

an agreeable Companion,
a loving Husband,
distinguished by a numerous Offspring ;
all which he liv'd to see take good Courses.
In his old Age he retir'd
to the House of a Clergyman in the Country ;
where he finish'd his earthly Race,
and died an Honour and an Example to the
whole Species.

Reader,
this Stone is guiltless of Flattery :
For he to whom it is inscrib'd
was not a Man,
but a
GREY-HOUND.

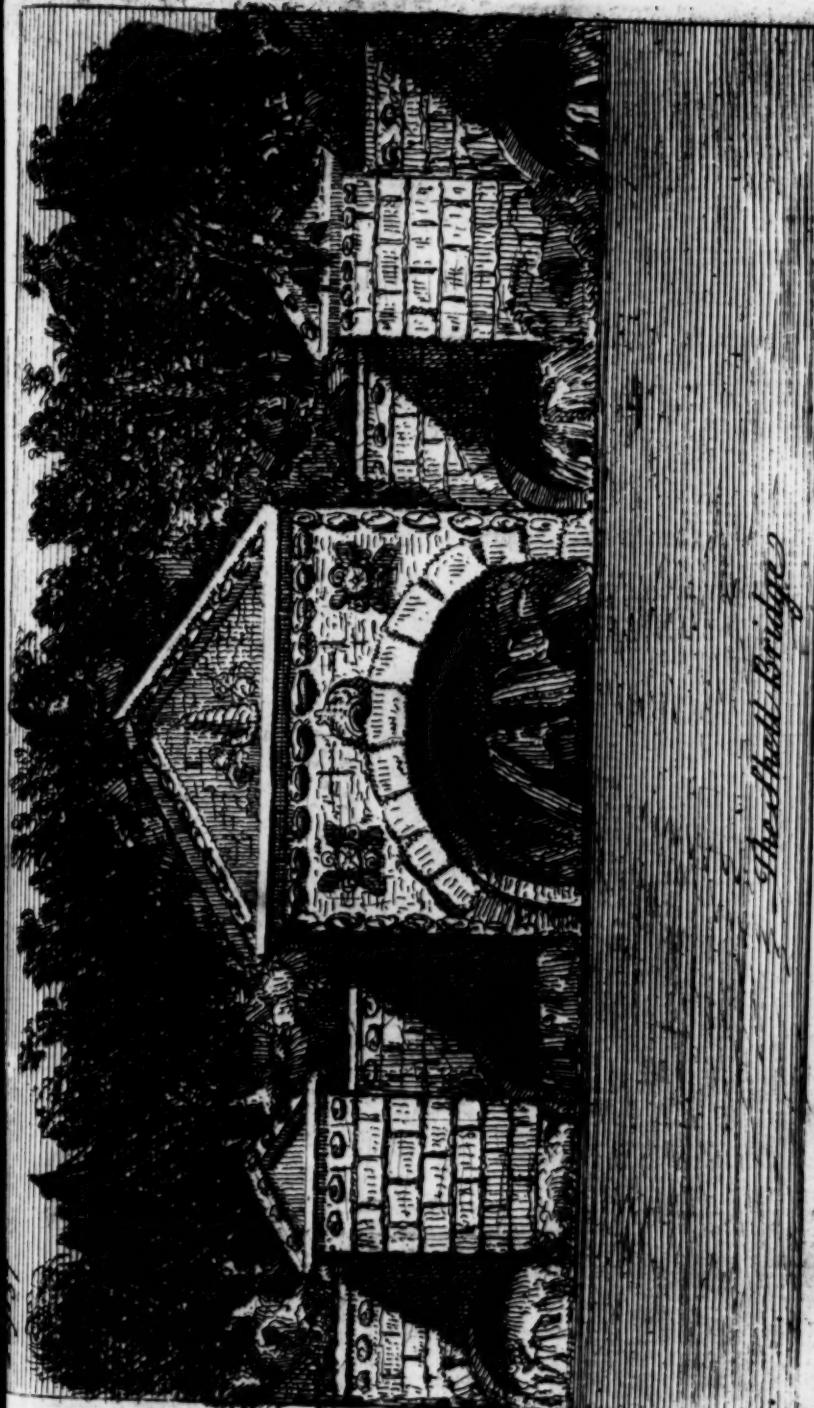
BUT hold ! we will walk again towards the River,
and pursue it to the Canal : It is divided into Three
Parts : One takes its Rise from a dark Wood, another
from the Grotto, and the Third to the Pebble, or

SHELL-BRIDGE.

Which brings you into the *Elysian Fields*, the most
charming Place that ever Eyes beheld. It may not be
improper here to give the following Lines, which were
left by an unknown Hand :

Charm'd with the Sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd
With Hints like those, which antient Bards inspir'd :
All the feign'd Tales, by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of old,
Th' enthusiastic Muse believes, are true ;
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius, you.
Lost in wild Raptures, would she fain disclose
How, by degrees, the pleasing Wonder rose.
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place :
And, while she keeps the glowing Work in View,
Thro' ev'ry Maze your artful Hand pursue—

You

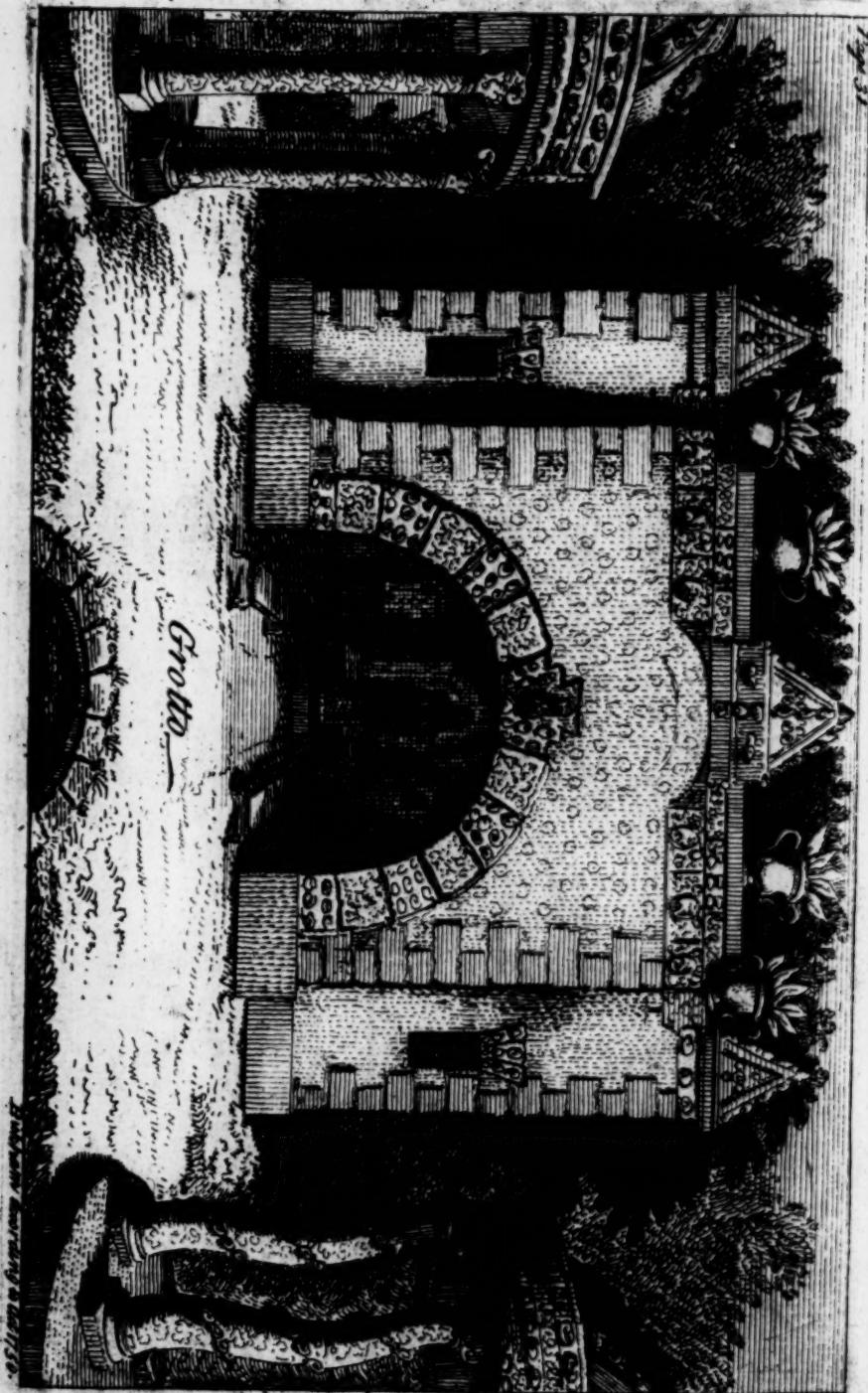


Shefford Bridge

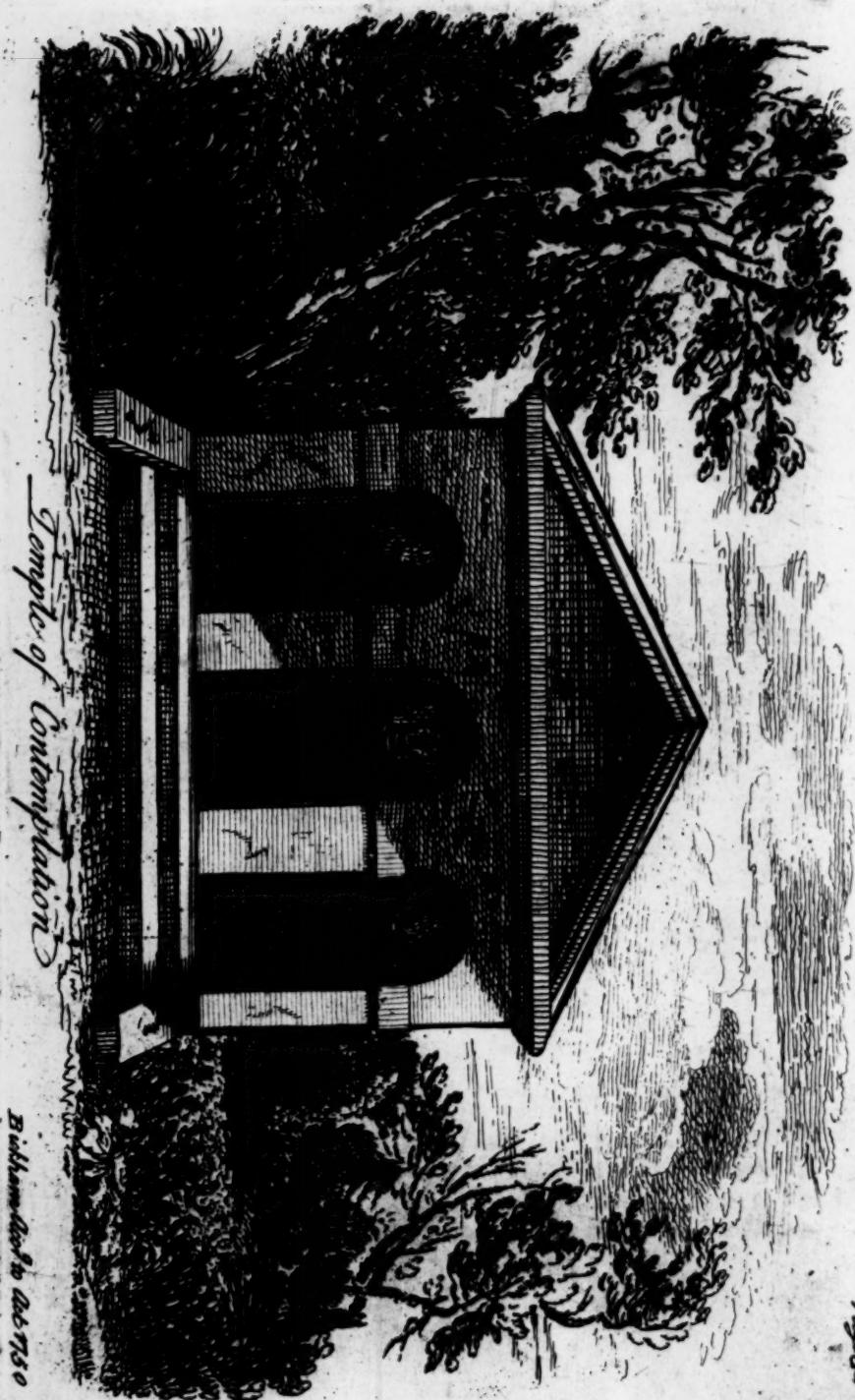
Betham 1627











Temple of Contemplation

Bidhannagar ac 1750

2002

You cross this Bridge to

The TEMPLE of CONTEMPLATION.

WHICH is a pleasant Recept, by the Banks of the River; there are three Bas-Relief of CÆSARS Heads it is adorned with on the Inside. And I think, this Serpentine River, is a great Addition to the Beauty of the Place; for Water is of as much Use in Landscapes, as Blood is in a Body; without these two Essentials it is impossible there should be Life in either one or the other: Yet, methinks, it is a prodigious Pity, that this stagnated Pool should not by some Magic be metamorphos'd into a crystal Stream, rolling over a Bed of Pebbles. Such a quick Circulation would give a Spirit to the View. I could wish they had such a Stream at their Command; they would shew it, I dare say, to the best Advantage in its Passage through the Gardens. But we cannot make Nature; the utmost we can do, is to mend her. Yet, though I can allow Nature to have an excellent Fancy, I do not think she has the best Judgment; though she is an admirable Colourist, her Compositions are very often liable to Censure. For which Reason I am for having her placed under the Direction of Art; and the Rule I would go by, should be thus:

To treat the Goddess like a modest Fair;
Not over-dres, nor leave her wholly bare,

So let us leave these Flights, and view her here; where she is treated according to the Prescription of the Poet.

The GROTTO.

THE most taking with every-body, is the Grotto. Imagine you see a small Edifice built with Shells of Mother-of-Pearl ranged with infinite Art, and with the Patience of PENELOPE. The Inside consists of one Hall, and two Closets, adorned in the most surprising Man-

ner; and, at the same time, in the most charming Taste. The whole Place is full of Mirrors set in Mother-of-Pearl; by which the Prospects of the Gardens, and of your own Person, are infinitely multiplied. The Place seems divided into a thousand beautiful Apartments; and appears Fifty times as large as it is. And the Sides of the Room are elegantly adorn'd with Landscapes, beyond the Pencil of *TITIAN*; with this Advantage, that every View, as you change your Situation, varies itself into another Form, and presents you with something new. On each Side of this Grotto there is a Temple, supported one by four wreathed, and the other by four strait Pillars; all composed, as well as their Domes, of Shells of Mother-of-Pearl of every Size and Colour, and with Pebbles and Flints broken to Pieces, which has a fine Effect. In the Centre within the Grotto is a Marble Statue of *VENUS*, on a Pedestal. In the same Taste, in the Centre of the two other Pavilions, are hugging *Cupids* on Pedestals. Before and between them is a roundish transparent Pond, with gilded Carp, or *China Fish*; which you command with your Eye at any Part of the Basin, and give a great Addition to the Beauty of the Place, so justly distinguished by the Name of the *Elysian Fields*. From hence you proceed to a noble Building, called

The GRECIAN TEMPLE.

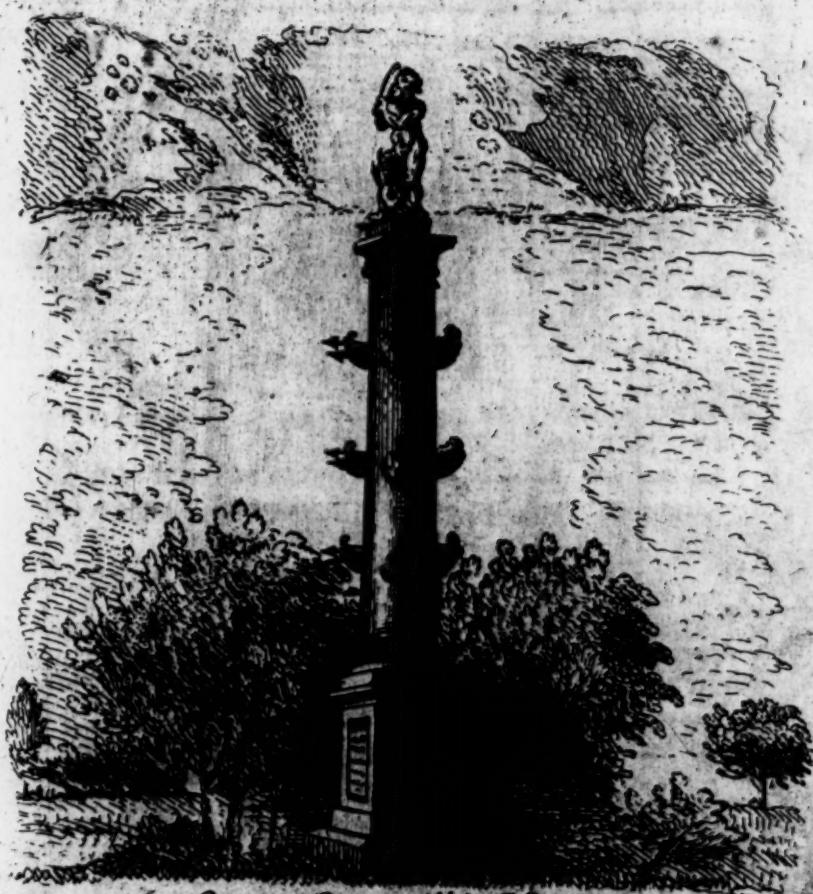
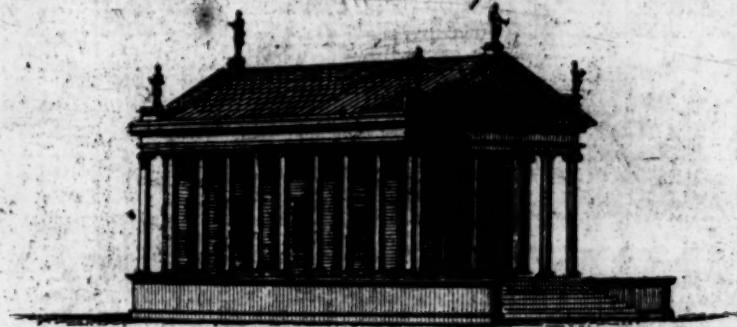
With six Statues as big as Life on the Top. From here you have a View of the Gothic and Ladies Temples, *COBHAM*'s and Captain *GRENVILLE*'s Pillars, with a great Lawn in Front, and a most beautiful Dale,

The LADIES TEMPLE.

THIS is a handsome Structure of Free-stone, the Floor of which is only a Portico open on all Sides upon Arches, with *Venetian* Windows: A very neat Staircase leads you up to a Hall, where every thing ravishes the Eye, particularly the extreme Elegancy and Beauty

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Grecian Temple

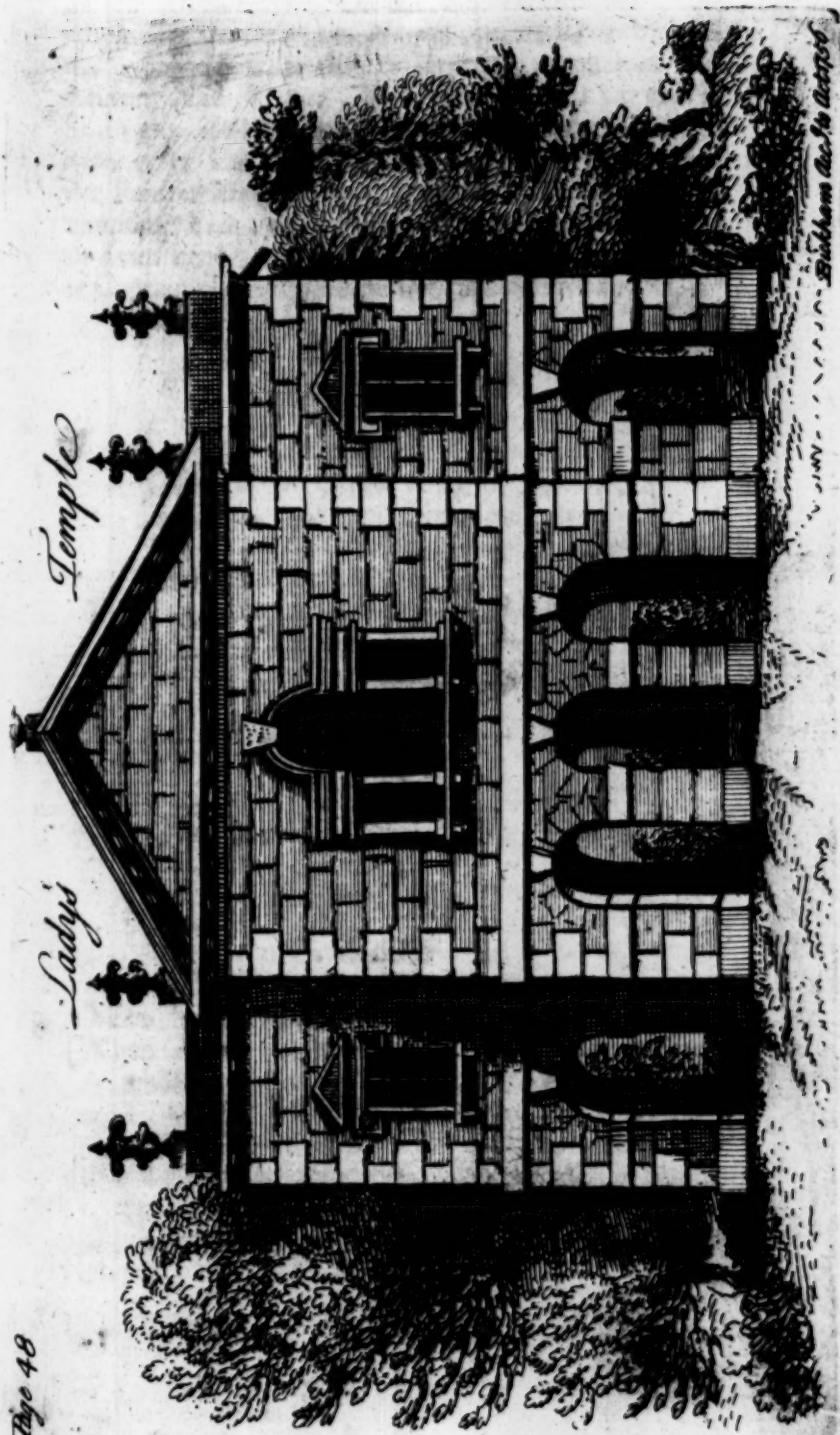


Bletham

Capt: Grenville's Monument

ao: 7 to aox 1795





My 48

Lady's

Temple

William Clark Author



of the Ornaments. On the Right-Hand are Ladies employing themselves in Needle and Shell-work. On the opposite Side, are Ladies diverting themselves with Painting and Music. They are painted in Oil by SLATER: And the other Embellishments represent all manner of Exercises suitable to the Fair Sex. Here the Painter seems to have designedly drawn none but tempting Features, and amiable Countenances. Not far from hence is a Monument erected to the Memory of Captain GRENVILLE, with this Inscription:

Sororis sue Filio

THOMAS GRENVILLE

Qui navis praefectus regis,

Ducente classem Britannicam GEORGIO ANSON,

Dum contra Gallos fortissime pugnaret,

Dilaceratae navis ingenti fragmine

Femore graviter percusso,

Perire, dixit moribundus, omnino satius esse,

Quam ineris reum in judicio sibi;

Columnam hanc rostratam

Laudans & maerens posuit

COBHAM.

Insigne virtutis, eheu! rarissime

Exemplum habes;

Ex quo discas

Quid virum praefectura militari ornatum

Deceat.

M.DCC.XLVII.

To his Sister's Son

THOMAS GRENVILLE,

Who, being Captain of a Ship in the Royal Navy,
(When GEORGE ANSON commanded the British Fleet)
whilst he fought gallantly against the French,
and had a severe Stroke on his Thigh,
with a large Splinter of the shatter'd Vessel,
declar'd it in his last Moments, infinitely better to perish
than be brought to Judgment for Cowardice:
This Pillar, represents his Manner of Life,

A DESCRIPTION of

as an Approbation of his Conduct,
as well as Concern for his own Loss,
erected by
COBHAM.

Here, alas ! you have a remarkable Example
of the most distinguish'd Bravery ;
from which may be learnt,
what Qualifications are requisite for a Man
honour'd with a Military Command,

1747.

NOT far from this, and up a grand Walk is

COBHAM'S PILLAR.

LEAVING this incomparable sweet Place with great
Regret, as every one who sees it must, we come to a
Gothic Building, called

*The TEMPLE of LIBERTY.**Libertati Majorum.*

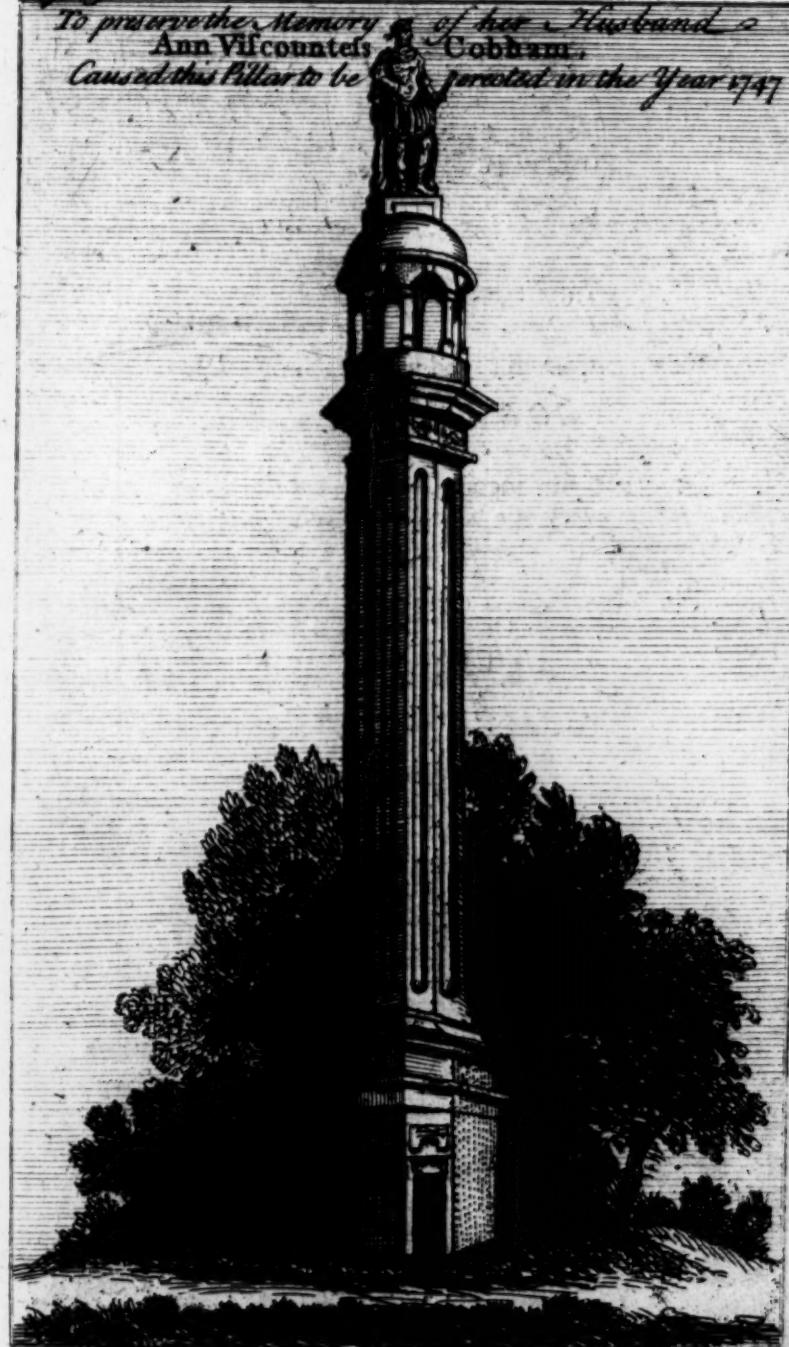
To the Liberty of our Ancestors.

IT is an Imitation of a large antique Building of Iron-stone, finely mimic'd, Seventy Feet high, on the Summit of an Hill. It is impossible to make a better Imitation of the antient Taste of Architecture. This is a Kind of Castle, several Stories high, which commands the whole Garden : One can never be tired with beholding so vast and so pleasing a Variety of Objects. The Windows are adorned with curious Paintings upon Glass in the antique Taste, and beautifully performed : On the Inside of the Dome are the Arms of this Family, from the Beginning to this present Time ; round it are placed on Pedestals Eight Statues, representing the old *Saxon* Deities ; and these seem quite antique, though they are intirely modern. Here we have a boundless Prospect round the Building, out of

the

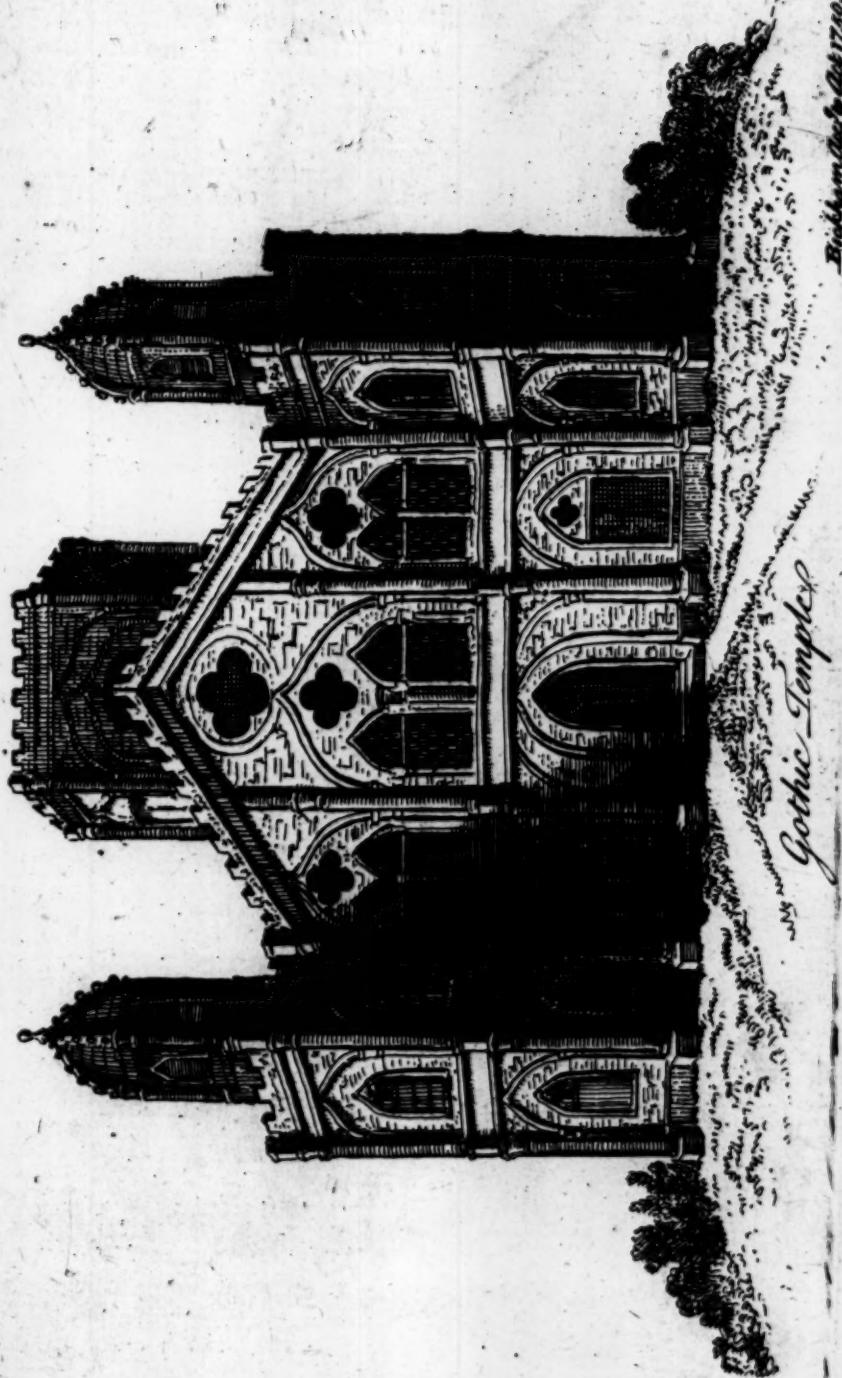
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To preserve the Memory of her Husband
Ann Viscountess Cobham
Caused this Pillar to be erected in the Year 1747



Bickham Acc 9 to Act 57, 1750





Gothic Temple
Biblioteca ac 1700.





Palladian Bridge, Bushy Park, Oct 1735



1735 Oct 5.

the Turrets, and on the Ground likewise. From hence we descend a fine Hill, and on our Left-hand see a Plantation of Ever-greens; on our Right, the well-designed Walks and Groves. From thence you perceive to the Right a large Piece of Ground, which my Lord designs for new Improvements; and, on which, he has several Men at Work: But, as I do not know his Plan, I can say nothing to you upon that Subject. Certain, however, it is, that to form a Judgment by the Proofs he has already given of his Taste and Magnificence, those new Embellishments cannot but be of the same Stamp. But, to return to our Gothic Castle; within, you see the most beautiful Ornament; and there is an extraordinary Pleasure in this antique Simplicity. The whole Edifice seems old, and is as unfinished: In this a great deal of Art is discovered. From thence you go down Hill, and have a beautiful Prospect to the Right to the Entrance of the Garden, and of all the Rivers joining and forming several Shelves of Land, till you come to

The PALLADIAN BRIDGE.

THIS is a very handsome Bridge over one of the Rivers: The Roof on the Side facing the Water is supported by *Ionic* Columns; the Back of it by an *Alto-Relieu* of the Four Quarters of the World (finely carved by SCHEMAKER). This Bridge has a most delightful Effect, when beheld from many different Parts of this magnificent Garden: It is a vaulted Fabric, where you see the different Parts of the World bringing their several Products to BRITANNIA, to whom they seem to pay Homage. A great many of these Figures are extremely striking. There is so much Art required, and so much Difficulty attends doing any-thing in this Way, as it ought to be, that when we do meet with a good Piece of Workmanship of this Kind, it affords us an extreme Pleasure, you go strait on and come to

The IMPERIEL CLOSET;

Which is a square Room, in which are painted by SLATER, a noble Triumvirate of the worthiest of the Roman Emperors; who are distinguished each by a memorable Saying of his own fixed over him. TITUS, TRAJAN, and AURELIUS, are Names which want not Pomp of Title to add a Lustre to them. Over the Head of one of them is written that beautiful Maxim, relating to the Sword worn by Sovereigns, *Let it be for me, if I deserve it; but against me, if I am unworthy.*

Imp: Titus Cæs: Vespasian.

Diem perdidì. —— I have lost a Day.

Imp: N. Trajan. Cæs: Aug:

Pro me: si merear, in me:

For me: But, if I deserve it, against me.

Imp. Marcus Aurelius Cæsar Antoninus.

Ita regnes Imperator, ut privatus regi te velis.

So govern, when an Emperor, as, if a private Person,
you would desire to be governed.

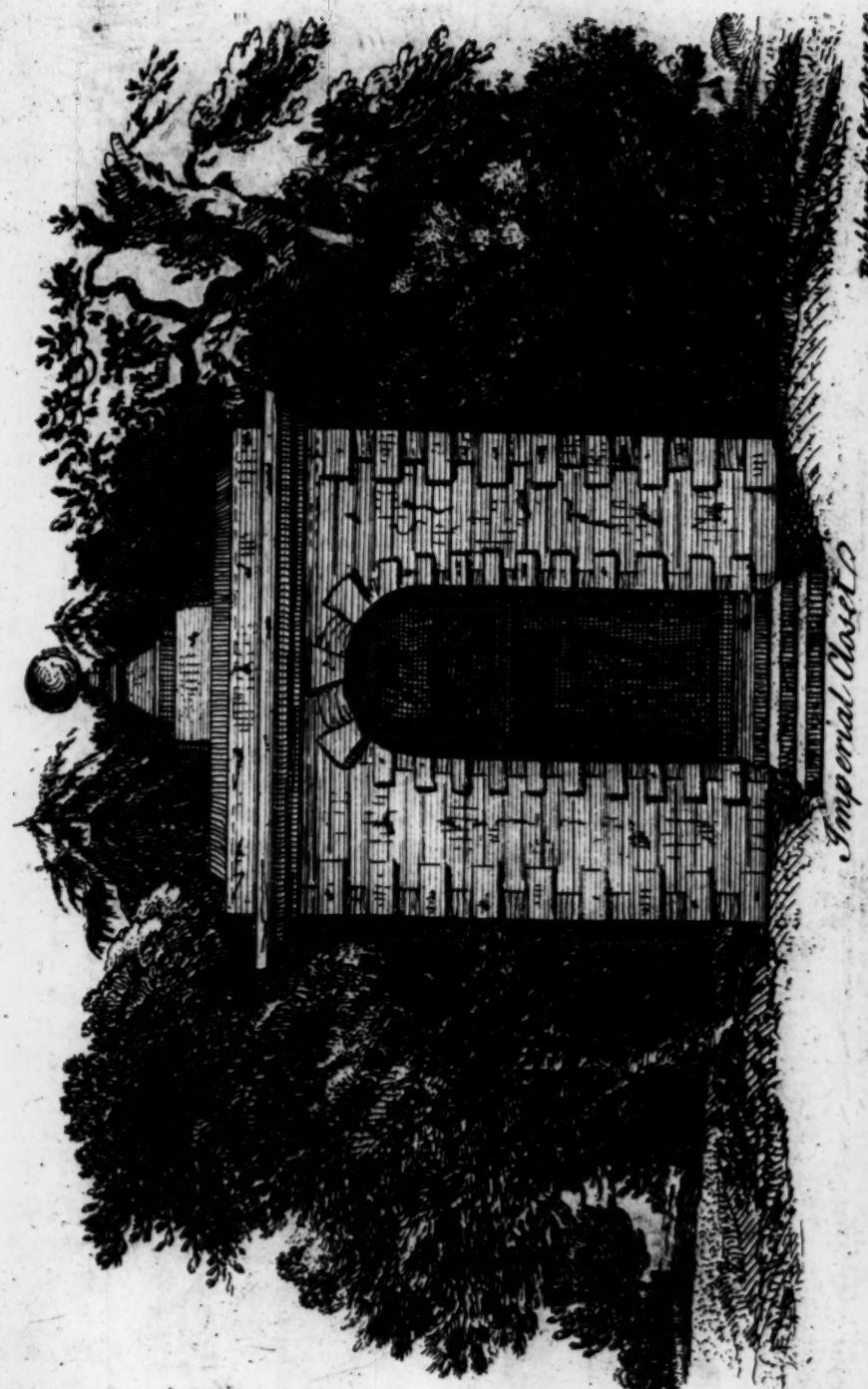
FROM hence you pass into the great Terras-Walk, which is Three thousand Feet long: You go by a noble Iron Gate at the End, which leads you to

The TEMPLE of FRIENDSHIP.

With this Motto on the Outside:

Amicitia S— Sacred to Friendship.

IT is a lofty square Building, of the *Doric* Order; with Three noble Porticoes on the Sides, which appear



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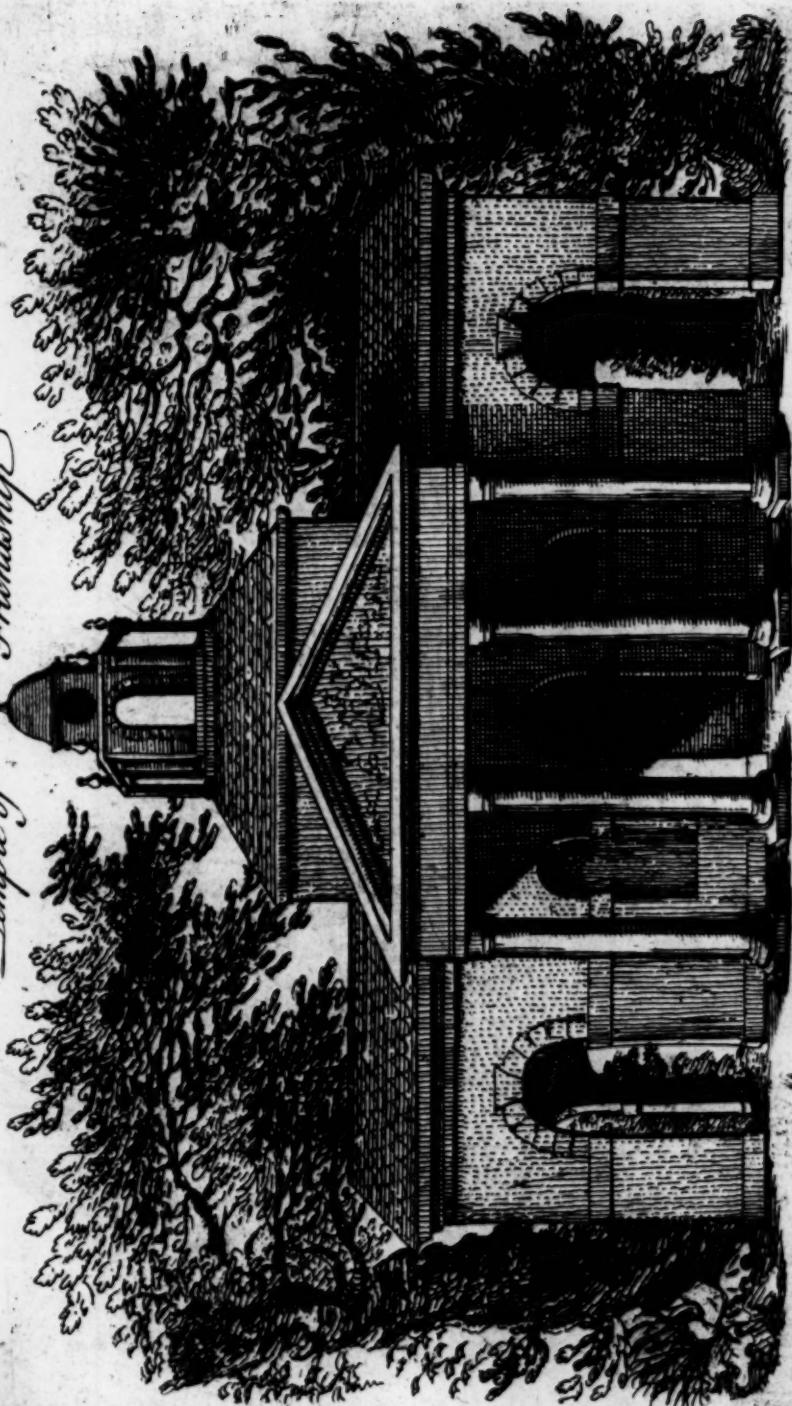
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Temple of 8. Friendships

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pear to the Garden. This is a Structure of a noble Taste, and very elegantly adorned. It is full of illustrious Busts, but not one Monarch amongst them ; perhaps to hint, that this Set of Men do not seem to be formed to love, and much less to be loved : Be that as it will, I was highly pleased to find such Company. For around the Room are placed Ten Pedestals, the Busts of the late Lord, and Nine of his select Friends ; *viz.* the late Prince of WALES.—Earls of WESTMORLAND, CHESTERFIELD, and MARCHMONT.—Lords COBHAM, GOWER, and BATHURST.—This present Earl, RICHARD GRENVILLE, WILLIAM PITT, and GEORGE LYTTELTON, Esqrs.—This is elegant, I must confess ; these Busts are all well done, and some of them fine, by RYSBRACK ; and I am extremely taken likewise with the Painting, which is by SLATER : That Emblem of Friendship above the Door, those of Justice, and Liberty ; and those other Ornaments upon the Walls, are well touch'd ; and that Emblematic Painting on the Cieling. There, you see, sits BRITANNIA : Upon one Side is held the Glory of her Annals on Cartoons, whereon these Words are written, *The Reigns of Queen ELIZABETH and EDWARD III,* and on the other is offered the Reign of _____, which she frowns upon, and puts by. The Name is artfully covered with BRITANNIA's Hand ; but it is an easy Matter to guess what Reign is meant. Then going out of this Temple, and as we walk along the Terras, you may observe the great Advantage of low Walls : By this means the Garden is extended beyond its Limits, and takes in every thing entertaining, that is to be met with in the Range of half a Country. Villages, Works of Husbandry, Groups of Cattle, Herds of Deer, and a Variety of other Beautiful Objects, are brought into the Garden, and make a Part of the Place. Even to the *nicest* Taste these rural Scenes are highly delightful ; for whoever has no Relish for them, gives Reason for a Suspicion, that he has no Taste at all.

Strait mine Eye hath caught new Pleasures,
Whilst the Landscape round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows grey,
Where the nibbling Flocks do stray :
Mountains, on whose barren Breast
The lab'ring Clouds do often rest :
Meadows trim, with Daifies py'd,
Shallow Brooks, and rivers wide ;
Tow'rs and Battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees :
Where, perhaps, some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring Eyes.
Hard by a Cottage-Chimney smokes,
From betwixt Two aged Oaks.

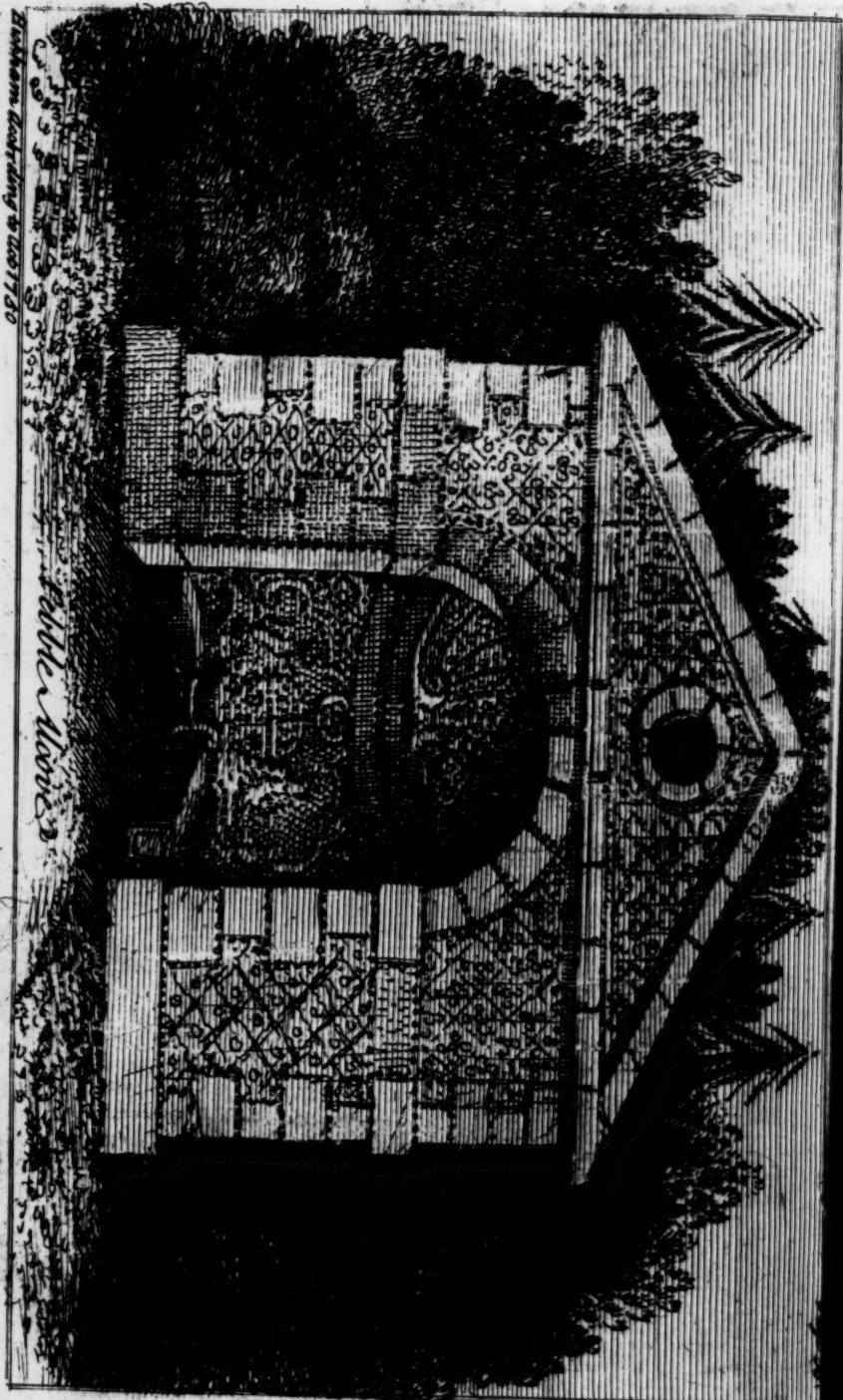
IT must be owned indeed, that these Walks want such Opening into the Country as little as any Place can well be imagined to do ; Yet even Stow itself, I assure you, is much improved by them. They contrast beautifully with this more polished Nature, and set it off to greater Advantage. The Eye, after surfeiting itself with the Feast here provided for it, by using a little Exercise in travelling about the Country, grows hungry again, and returns to the Entertainment with fresh Appetite. Besides, there is nothing so distasteful to the Eye as a confined Prospect (where the Reasonableness of it does not appear) ; especially if a dead Wall, or any other such disagreeable Object, steps in between. The Eye naturally loves Liberty, and when it is in quest of Prospects, will not rest content with the most beautiful Dispositions of Art, confined within a narrow Compas ; but (as soon as the Novelty of Sights is over) will begin again to grow dissatisfied, till the whole Limits of the Horizon be given it to range through. The Eye is like a Bee, Plant as many Flowers as you will near it's Hive, yet still the little Insect will be discontented, unless it be allowed to wander o'er the Country, and be its own Caterer. But we will continue our Walk : I look upon that Statue, called, *The Gladiator*, as one of the finest in the World : I
wth.





Bickham According to Act 1750.





With I had seen the Original ; for the Posture to me here always appears a little too much strained. I can scarce throw myself into such an Attitude. Yet it is fine, I must confess. You have the best View of it from hence : Most of the Engravings, I have met with, give us the back View ; but, I think, the Statue appears infinitely to the best Advantage, when taken in Front : The Air of the Head is delightful, and cannot be hid, without depriving the Figure of half its Life. But, to return to our Walk, just here in a neat Recess, is

The PEBBLE ALCOVE.

IT is a little Grot, neatly adorned with Pebbles : His Lordship's Arms are curiously wrought upon the Back-wall with the same Materials, and displayed in different Colours, which has a very pretty and agreeable Effect. For, on the one hand, the *English* cannot bear that tiresome Regularity of Parterries, nor that prodigious Number of Flowers, which often affect the Head, and incommod more than they please : To all this Form they prefer fine Gras-plats, and spacious winding Lawns, with beautiful Alleys of Trees, large Pieces of Water, and wide Vista's, diversified a thousand Ways. On the other Side, as my Lord's Plan is not yet completed, perhaps he still intends to have some Water-works ; which are, doubtless, some of the finest Ornaments of a Garden ; and, to his, would add the last Degree of Perfection. It is not Water that is wanting ; for there is Plenty of it : And I question whether the Expence would retard the Work, since there is so great a Profusion in every thing else ; a Profusion, that favours more of a Sovereign, than of a *British* Peer. Now, as you walk along, you come to

CONGREVE's MONUMENT.

THE Embellishments round it are designed to express the Poet's Genius in the Dramatic Way ; and, at

at the Top of it, is placed a Monkey beholding himself in a Mirror ; and, under him, this Writing :

*Vitæ imitatio,
Consuetudinis speculum,
Comædia.*

Comedy is the Imitation of Life, and the Mirror of Fashion.

THE Poet's Effigies lies in a careless Posture on one Side ; and on the other is placed this Epitaph :

*Ingenio
Acri, faceto, expolito,
Moribusque
Urbanis, candidis, facillimis,
GULIELMI CONGREVE,
Hoc
Qualecunque desiderii sui
Solamen simul &
Monumentum
Posuit COBHAM.
1736.*

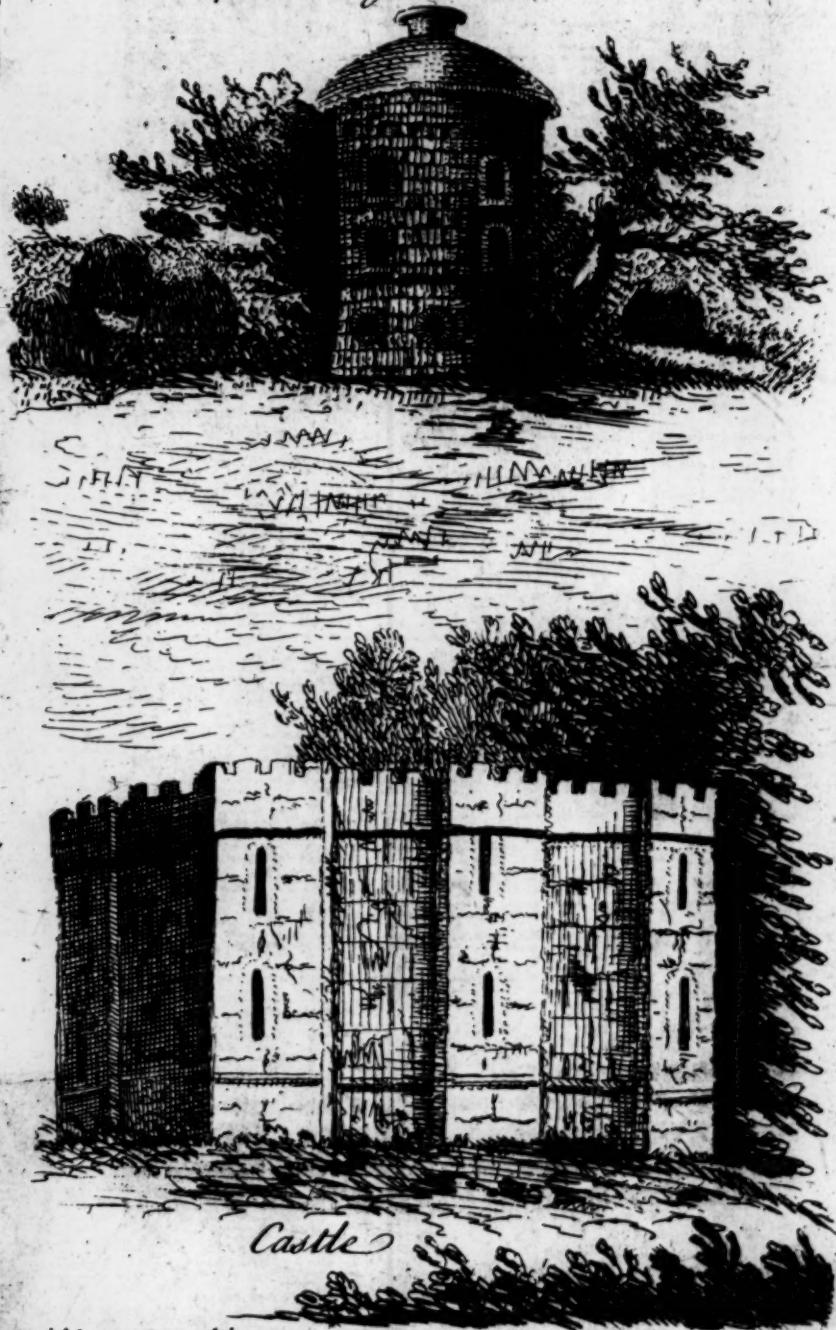
To the piercing, elegant, polished
Wit,
and civilized, candid, most unaffected
Manners,
of WILLIAM CONGREVE,
hath COBHAM erected
this poor Consolation for, as well as
Monument of, his Loss.
1736.

Now, as these Parts of the Gardens are unfinished, if we have the Pleasure of your Company in this Country next Year, you will see, I dare say, great Alterations here ; several of those Objects you see before you, are to take new Forms upon them. A little higher, we



Keeper's Lodge in the Park.

P. 60



Birkham according to Act 1750.

we have a good View into the Country from hence. You see the Castle, inhabited by a Farmer, with a great deal of Land belonging to it; and at another View you see the Keeper's Lodge at the Entrance into the Park. Those Woods are extremely elegant in their Kind; we must be contented with only beholding them at present: They seem, at this Distance, to be laid out in a very fine Manner, and cut into very beautiful Ridings, which are Eight or Ten Miles round: These are the noble Production of Art and Nature. I think every End is answered, when a Nation's Taste is regulated, with regard to the most innocent, the most refined, and elegant of its Pleasures. In all polite Countries, the Amusements of the People were thought highly deserving a Legislature's Inspection. To establish a just Taste in these, was esteemed in some measure, as advancing the Success of Virtue: And can it be considered, as a Work intirely of a private Nature, for a superior Genius to exert itself in an Endeavour to fix a true Standard of Beauty in any of these allowed and useful Kinds of Pleasures? In that of Gardening particularly, the Taste of the Nation has long been so depraved, that I think we might be obliged to any one that would undertake to reform it: While a Taste for Painting, Music, Architecture, and other polite Arts, in some measure, prevailed amongst us, our Gardens, for the most part, were laid out in so formal, awkward, and wretched a Manner, that they were really a Scandal to the Genius of the Nation: A Man of Taste was shocked whenever he set his Foot into them. But STOW, it is to be hoped, may work some Reformation. I would have our Country Squires flock hither two or three Times a Year, by way of Improvement; and, after they have looked about them a little, return home with new Notions, and begin to see the Absurdity of their clipped Yews, their Box-wood Borders, their flourished Parterres, and their lofty Brick-walls. For to me, I must own, there appears a very visible Connexion between an improved Taste for Pleasure, and a Taste for Virtue. When I sit ravished at an Oratorio,

or

or stand astonished before the Cartoons, or enjoy myself in these happy Walks, I can feel my Mind expand itself, my Notions inlarge, and my Heart better dispos'd either for a religious Thought, or a benevolent Action. In a word, I cannot help imagining a Taste for these exalted Pleasures contributes towards making me a better Man: Besides, there is another Advantage in Wealth laid out in this elegant Manner, which is this: The Money spent in the Neighbourhood, by the Company daily crowding hither, to satisfy their Curiosity. There is a kind of continual Fair; and I have heard several of the Inhabitants of *Buckingham* say, that it is one of the best Trades they have: Their Inns, their Shops, their Farms, and Shambles, all find their Account in it: So that, in my Opinion, viewed in this Light only, such Productions of Art may be considered as a very great Advantage to every Neighbourhood, that enjoys the lucky Situation of being placed near them. To this Advantage might be added, the great Degree of Pleasure from hence derived daily to such Numbers of People. A Place like this, is a kind of keeping open House: There is a Repast at all Times ready for the Entertainment of Strangers. And sure, if there is any Degree of Benevolence, you must think an useful End answer'd in thus affording an innocent Gratification to so many Fellow-Creatures. A *Sunday* Evening spent here, adds a new Relish to the Day of Rest, and makes the Sabbath appear more cheerful to the Labourer, after a toilsome Week. For my Part, I assure you, I have scarce experienced a greater Pleasure, than I have often felt, upon meeting a Variety of pleased Faces in these Walks. All Care and Uneasiness seem to be left behind at the Garden-Door, and People enter here fully resolved to enjoy themselves, and the several beautiful Objects around them. In one Part, a Face presents itself marked with the Passion of gaping Wonder; in another, you meet a Countenance bearing the Appearance of a more rational Pleasure; and in a third, a Set of Features composed into serene Joy; whilst the Man of Taste is seen examining every Beauty

Beauty with a curious Eye, and discovering his Approbation in a half-formed Smile. To this I might still add another Advantage of a public Nature, derived from these elegant Productions of Art and Nature ; and that is, their Tendency to raise us in the Opinion of Foreigners. If our Nation had nothing of this Kind to boast of, all our Neighbours would look upon us as a stupid tasteless Set of People, and not worth visiting : So that, for the Credit of the Country, I think, something of this Kind ought to be exhibited amongst us. Our public Virtues, if we have any, would not, I dare say, appear to less Advantage, when recommended by these Embellishments of Art. I decline mentioning several other Ornaments, with which this spacious Garden is embellished ; likewise several remarkable Statues. It is impossible for a Traveller, who has only two or three Days to make so many Drawings of each particular Building, and to run through so great Variety of Beauties, not to let something escape his Curiosity, or to remember exactly all he has seen ; but by the Help of Drawing you may carry a great deal more away with you, than by Memory : Which is the Reason why I thought this Work would be acceptable to the Public ; which will undoubtedly refresh their Memory in each Particular, and likewise give a more strong Idea of the Whole : And, in order to refresh my own Memory, I have made use of some Descriptions already printed. I have now gone round, and given you a faint Description, and some Sketches in Light and Shadow, of this unparalleled Chain of artificial and natural Beauty ; and, to make use of Two Lines, which will not be improper :

Here Order in Variety you see,
Where all Things differ, yet where all agree.

SUCH are the enchanting Gardens of STOW : But I have made no mention as yet of the House. This is a handsome modern Structure, the Inside not yet finished. The Architecture is *Italian*, and in a very elegant Taste. The House is large, and decorated with a Row of Pillars

lars in the Middle of the first Story, which you come up to by a noble Flight of Stone Steps: On each Side it is supported with Two Pavilions somewhat lower, tho' on the same Front; and these by Two smaller Pavilions, placed in the same manner, and adorned with Columns; which, in the whole Length, is Ninety odd Yards long; and forms a superb Front, which takes in the whole Opening of the great Alley, and rather more by the inner Row of Arbail-Trees; which, if cut down, the House would appear to greater Advantage. When you are in this House, or rather Palace, ascending by a magnificent Stair-case (finely painted by SLATER), you enter some of the finest Rooms perhaps in *Europe*. I will not take up your Time with a Description of the Apartments and Furniture of this costly Fabric: I shall be contented with informing you, that every thing is in the modern and most superb Taste. Gilded Carvings, Glasses and Sconces, without Number; fine wrought Frames, well-painted Cielings, Variety of Pictures, on all Subjects, by the ablest Masters; Marble Busts, Statues, curious Chimneys, elegant Tables, rich Hangings and fine Tapestry, gilded Furniture. There are some fine Bas-relievos; but, in particular, there is one Piece of Alt-relief struck me beyond every thing: The Story is DARIUS's Tent; and it is so charmingly told, that I have had, I can assure you, a meaner Opinion of *Le Brun* upon that Subject, ever since I have seen it: The Composition is so just, the Figures so graceful and correct, the Passions so striking, nay, the very Drapery so free and easy, that I declare I was altogether astonished at the Sight of it.

In short, whatever can be imagined in the most agreeable and richest Taste, is lavished, as it were, in this noble Building and Garden.

F · I · N · I · S ·



